
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR,

JANUARY, 1803.

SKETCH OF THE MEMOIRS
OF
HENRY HUNTER, D.D.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE PORTRAIT.

Oh SCOTIA! from thy cold ungenial north,
What nervous minds and brilliant spirits rise,
And from thy fostering colleges come forth
To shed new rays beneath some milder skies!
The titled meed, the proud scholastic name,
Mistaken kindness may confer amiss:
But, HUNTER, back on *thee* reflected fame
Distinguish'd merit's just applause was his!

Beck's Elegy on Dr. Hunter.

AT the commencement of another year, it becomes us to take a retrospective view of our labours. Throughout a series of six years, we have been honored with our full share of the public approbation. Considering the vast number of periodical publications, we have every reason to be thankful for the portion of success with which our efforts have been

sanctioned. Our biographical department, we understand, has been peculiarly acceptable to our readers: we mean to continue the same diligence in collecting materials, and to exercise the same impartiality whilst throwing them into a narrative for the instruction of the rising generation.

HENRY HUNTER, D.D. was a native of North Britain. He was born, 1741, at Culross, not far from Edinburgh. Of his early years we know little, excepting that his parents (who were respectable) paid attention to the culture of his mind, and that the son manifested a proportionable improvement.

At the usual age he was sent to the university of Edinburgh, where he not only remained the number of years required, but passed thro' the several stages of learning with applause. There was a quickness of perception and an ardor of disposition possessed by him, which were highly favorable to literary attainments. During the progress of his studies he may be said to have been smitten with a generous emulation.

Designed for the christian ministry, he of course applied to the several branches of theological learning, to which, we are happy to say, particular attention is paid in the universities of Scotland. Having finished his studies, he settled at Leith, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, where his preaching drew together crowds of people, and he was heard with admiration. Here, however, it was not his lot long to reside, for about the year 1770 he came to London, upon an invitation from the

church at London-wall, Moorfields, over which society he sustained the pastoral office till his decease. His labours, throughout a period of more than thirty years, were peculiarly acceptable: indeed his pulpit talents were of that superior kind, that few preachers ever excelled him—his discourses possessing dignity of sentiment and elegance of expression, were uttered with a striking solemnity: the Scotch accent, of which he retained a large portion, instead of impeding, only served to heighten the effect of his delivery. His very deliberate mode of speaking arrested the attention in an extraordinary manner, and the excellence of his matter rewarded the attention which was thus so visibly excited through the audience. We dwell the more on his mode of speaking, because it was emphatically his *own*, stamped with all the traits of originality.

He delivered a *series of Lectures on SCRIPTURE BIOGRAPHY*, which was wonderfully attended, being on Sunday evenings, and only during the winter season. They were afterwards published, and received by the religious public with avidity. They are indeed highly pleasing and impressive: the patriarchs, and other illustrious characters in the sacred records, pass beneath our review in clear and distinct succession. Their separate biographies may be deemed so many portraits, marked with the features, colouring, and expression by which the originals were distinguished. We become contemporaries with the sages and heroes of ancient times—their sayings and deeds are ren-

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dered subservient to the edification and delight of the latest generations.

A few months previous to his death he published a volume of *Sacred Biography*, which included the *Life of Jesus Christ*. The same discernment as to character, the same luminous arrangement of his matter, and the same glow of language distinguish this his last composition—it proved indeed to be his solemn legacy to the religious world. That the reader may judge of the engaging manner in which he illustrated divine truth, we subjoin a few short extracts by way of specimen; they are taken from the volume which we have just mentioned:

HISTORY.

“The historic page, that faithful and true witness, has been unfolded, ages and generations elapsed and gone have been made to pass in review, and the lessons of religion and virtue have been forcibly inculcated by a fair and impartial disclosure of the effects which the observance or neglect of them have produced on the affairs of men. And the pencil of history has enriched the canvas not only with men in groupes, but selecting distinguished individuals, delineating them in their just proportions, and enlivening them with the colours of nature, has exhibited a collection of striking portraits for our entertainment and instruction. In contemplating these we seem to expatiate in a vast gallery of family pictures, and take delight in observing and comparing the various features of the extensive kindred as they resemble or

differ from one another, and through the physiognomy piercing into the heart, we find them, *though dead*, yet speaking and pleasing companions."

ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS.

"The mind, with all its powers, loses itself in surveying the works and ways of God. I have a dark indistinct recollection of my first emersion into thought. I can remember some of the impressions made of the sorrows and joys felt when I was a little child. Soon after I began to exist, I began to perceive that I did exist, but for the knowledge of all that preceded, I stand indebted to a father's intelligence, to a mother's tenderness: they are to me the beginning of days and the oracles of truth; their own pittance of illumination flowed in the same channel. But there must have been a point when thought began—there must have been an intelligence which could communicate the power of comprehension—there must have been a spirit which could breathe into man's nostrils the breath of life—there *must* have been a Being without a beginning to make a beginning!

MYSTERY AND REVELATION.

"All is mystery, and all is revelation and discovery, from the insect, too small for sight, swimming in a drop of water, up to yonder flaming orb, which revolves at an immeasurable distance over our heads. Is not man a great mystery to himself? But is he to renounce his being because he is unable to explain it?—

Is he to call the union of matter with mind an absurdity, because their mutual influence escapes his penetration? How many combinations actually exist of which we have no perception, and which we would pronounce to be impossible! In all the ways and works of the Most High there is a wonderful mixture of luminousness and obscurity, of minuteness and magnitude, of complexness and simplicity.

IMITATION OF THE SAVIOUR.

To what meanness of condition ought not we, his disciples, cheerfully to submit? *For our sakes he became poor*—and shall we be ashamed of honest poverty? Did he go by the name of *the Carpenter's Son*—and dare a christian ostentatiously to display the heraldry of his ancestors, or to blush at what the world calls low birth? *He hath not despised or abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, nor hid his face from him when he cried*—and can one called by his name turn a deaf ear to the cry of distress, or hide his face from a poor brother? We cannot, like him, say, “*Let there be light! Lazarus come forth!*” we cannot, like him, walk on water, or silence the wind; we cannot, like him, give eyes to the blind or speech to the dumb: but we may with him be *meek and lowly in heart*, merciful and compassionate, forbearing and forgiving; we can go about doing good, and ministering to the necessitous. We cannot attain to the height of his divine excellence and perfection, but we may with him descend to the lowliest

offices of beneficence and condescension, we may learn of him to *overcome evil with good!*"

The leisure which DOCTOR HUNTER enjoyed was devoted to literary pursuits, and he translated several large and celebrated publications into our language: *Lavater's Essays on Physiognomy*, *St. Pierre's Studies of Nature*, and *Sonnini's Travels into Egypt*, which he introduced to our acquaintance in an English dress, are well known to the public, and deservedly held in estimation. Nor should the *Letters of Euler to a German Princess*, in two volumes, on different subjects in physics and philosophy, be forgotten—they are much read, and are happily adapted to promote the interests of knowledge, virtue, and piety. With respect to his own productions, beside his principal work, the *Sacred Biography*, already noticed at some length, he edited the *Lectures* of the Rev. John Fell on the *Evidences of Christianity*, adding some excellent discourses of his own on the subject, by which the plan, left unfinished by the deceased, is completed. He also collected into two volumes his own *single* sermons, preached and published at different times and on different occasions; he, however, added to them notes and illustrations of a very entertaining and useful complexion. His remarks on funeral harangues, affixed to a funeral discourse in these volumes, are curious: the conclusion, which is remarkable, shall be transcribed:

“ The republication of the preceding discourse has furnished me with an opportunity of suggesting these hints. Had I not considered them as nearly affecting the interests of decency, morality, and religion, on a point of universal importance, they should have been suppressed. My own career is drawn so much nearer to a conclusion. The lapse of twelve years makes a deep impression on the person, faculties, and condition of a man above forty. I must be preparing to follow my respectable friend. He had provided his own funeral sermon without knowing it—I am consciously and intentionally laying up materials for mine : when and by whom they are to be employed is for HIM to determine, ‘ in whose hand my breath is, and whose are all my ways.’ ”

That solemn event to which Dr. HUNTER so impressively alludes, has now taken place, and the particulars of which we shall just relate before we close this imperfect piece of biography.

Through the whole of life, being of a spare consumptive habit, he was often troubled with violent coughs, which generally yielded to the remedies usually applied on these occasions. But in September last, being rather late with a party on the Thames, he was so violently affected by the dampness of the evening air, that it laid a foundation for a pulmonary complaint, which terminated in his dissolution. Exercise and change of scene being often of great use to him in relieving indisposition, he made an excursion to Bath, and then to Bristol hot-wells, where his disease gaining ground, he began

to entertain little or no hopes of his recovery. He was anxious to return home, but he had not strength adequate to the journey: his family were instantly informed of his perilous situation, and his son and daughter reached him a few days only previous to his death. He died October 27, 1802, in the 62nd year of his age, His remains were brought to town and deposited in Bunhill Fields, Saturday, Nov. 6, with tokens of respect honorable to his memory; fourteen mourning coaches followed the hearse, and an immense number of people attended the grave. The Rev. Mr. Steven delivered an excellent address, in which the talents and virtues of the deceased were enumerated, his character justly appreciated, and the uses specified to which this awful dispensation of Providence ought to be applied. On the ensuing morning, the funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Nicholl, the assistant of Dr. Trotter, from Revelations, 1. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16.—It is to be regretted that both these performances were not given to the world.

Dr. HUNTER has left behind him a widow and three children, who will cherish his memory with the tenderest affection, and lay up his virtues in their hearts. Nor is it too much to say, that as a preacher, as a writer, and as a public character, distinguished for his zeal and activity in promoting benevolent institutions, particularly the *Society for propagating Religious Knowledge* in the Highlands of Scotland, the *Scottish Incorporated Society*, and the *Wood-street Dissenting Charity School, Spitalfields*, an irreparable loss has been

sustained by society. At the annual dinner of the latter truly excellent institution, where he always presided, the writer of this article has met him for many successive years with uncommon pleasure. On these occasions he shone forth with a more than ordinary lustre—he was the life and soul of the company. None pleaded the cause of charity with greater eloquence—none ever engaged more heartily in plans which had for their object the alleviation of the distresses of mankind.

Islington,
Jan. 8, 1803.

J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 70.

BEAUTIES OF HOMER.

(Cowper's Translation.)

AS HOMER is justly deemed the father of poetry, so the translation of his divine poems into our language has always excited attention: accordingly POPE's labours in this department have been received with a high degree of applause, and honored by an extensive circulation. The merits of his translation, however, have been warmly disputed; for though the harmony of his lines will demand admiration, his fidelity in many passages may be justly questioned—in general it is too paraphrastic to boast of much accuracy. Mac-

PERSON, also (who published Ossian's poems), attempted to give the ancient bard in an English dress, but miserably failed. Our poet, COWPER, therefore (whose original productions were analysed by us in a series of *Reflectors*), comes forward and executes the task with astonishing ability. We mean to present a few specimens of this excellent translation to the reader, and we shall pursue the interesting subject through a few numbers of our miscellany.

The opening lines of the poem shall be inserted, because they explain, or rather state the grand design of the whole work :

Sing, Muse, the deadly wrath of Pelens' son,
 ACHILLES, source of many thousand woes,
 To the Achaian host, which num'rous souls
 Of heroes sent to Ades premature,
 And left their bodies to devouring dogs
 And birds of Heav'n—so Jove his will perform'd !
 From that dread hour when discord first embroil'd
 ACHILLES and ATRIDES, king of men !

The descent of APOLLO is thus picturesquely described :

————— The god,
 Down from Olympus, with his radiant bow
 And his full quiver o'er his shoulder slung,
 Marched in his anger ; shaken as he moved,
 His rattling arrows told of his approach !

The following lines convey a lively idea of the GRECIANS about to present themselves to Achilles :

————— The youths of the Achain race
 To song propitiatory gave the day,

Chaunting to Phœbus, archer of the skies,
 Melodious Pœans! Pleas'd Apollo heard.
 But when, the sun descending, darkness fell,
 They on the beach beside their hawsers slept,
 And when the day-spring's daughter, rosy-palm'd
 Aurora, look'd abroad, then back they steer'd
 To the vast camp. Fair wind, and blowing fresh,
 Apollo sent them—quick they rear'd the mast,
 Then spread th' unsullied canvas to the gale,
 And the wind filled it : roared the sable flood
 Around the bark that ever as she went,
 Dash'd wide the brine, and scudded swift away !

Despairing of the destruction of Troy, it is
 advised that the GREEKS should return home—
 the effects of this intimation are thus forcibly
 depicted :

——— Commotion shook
 The whole assembly, such as heaves the flood
 Of the Icarian deep when south and east
 Burst forth together from the clouds of Jove !
 And as the rapid west descending shakes
 Corn at full growth, and bends the loaded ears,
 So was the council shaken. With a shout,
 All sprang towards the ships—up flew the dust
 And overhung them ; deafening were the cries
 To clear the grooves, and slide the barks to sea—
 Down went the galley-props, and up to Heav'n
 Their echoing transports, at the thought of home !

The picture of *THERSITES* whom *Ulysses*
 chastised for the liberties of his tongue, is truly
 laughable :

Loquacious, loud, and coarse, *his* chief delight
 Was to inveigh against the kings of Greece,
 But always when occasion promised him
 The public laugh. Him Greece had sent to Troy,
 The miscreant who sham'd his country most :
 He squinted, halted, gibbous was behind,

And pinch'd before, and on his tapering head
Grew patches only of the flimsiest down !

The command of AGAMEMNON is thus energetically expressed :

Go, take refreshment now, that we may march
Forth to our enemies—let each whet well
His spear, brace well his shield, well feed his brisk
High-mettled horses, well survey and search
His chariot on all sides, that no defect
Disgrace his bright habiliments of war,
So will we give the day from morn to eve
To dreadful battle : pause there shall be none,
Till night divide us—ev'ry buckler's thong
Shall sweat on the toil'd bosom, ev'ry hand
That shakes the spear shall ache, and ev'ry steed
Shall smoke that whirls the chariot o'er the plain !

The prayer of this warlike Chief is soon added : it possesses a kind of sublime ferocity :

Almighty Father ! glorious above all,
Cloud-girt, who dwell'st in Heav'n, thy throne sublime !

Let not the sun go down and night approach
Till Priam's roof fall flat into the flames,
Till I shall burn his gates with fire, and hew
His hack'd and riv'n corslet from the breast
Of Hector, and till num'rous chiefs, his friends,
Around him prone in dust shall bite the ground !

From these and similar passages, found in the *translation* of our favorite COWPER, the reader will have it in his power to become acquainted with the *Iliad of Homer*, and to ascertain the spirit which pervades this most ancient and celebrated piece of poetry.

Islington.

J. E.

DR. ANDREW BOARD,

(THE ORIGINAL MERRY ANDREW.)

Or Borde, in Latin, Andreas Perforatus, as he wrote himself.

WAS a native of Pevensey, in Sussex, and educated at Wickham's school, Oxford; but before he took any degree, entered himself among the Carthusians at or near London: yet being weary of their severities, he returned to his university, applied himself to physic—travelled almost through all Europe, and some parts of Africa. He commenced doctor of physic, at Montpelier, and being on his return to England, admitted to the same degree at Oxford. He lived some time, as a physician, at his native place, Pevensey, and afterwards at Winchester. He was a man of great superstition, and a weak and whimsical head; he frequented fairs and markets, and harangued the populace in public, and, to use the words of one of his cotemporaries—"he made humorous speeches, couched in such language as caused mirth, and wonderfully propagated his fame." From the doctor's method of using such speeches at markets and fairs, it came that, in after times, those who imitated the same humorous jocose language were stiled "Merry Andrews." He was author of the Merry Tales of the Wise Men of Gotham—the Introduction of Knowledge, a poem—the Miller of Abingdon (a poor imitation of Chaucer's Miller's Tale)—the Principles of Astronomical Prognostications—

the Doctrine of Health—the Prompluary of Medicine—the Doctrine of Urines.

He lived in the days of Henry the Eighth, Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary; and after having been a Carthusian, he continued to profess celibacy, drank water three times a week, wore a shirt of hair, and every night hung his burial sheet at his bed's feet. He wrote against such priests and monks as married after the dissolution of the monasteries;—but Bishop Poyntet tells us, he kept three wenches, and so stained his pretensions to purity, as did some others: but some say they were three women patients: but be that as it will, he must be acknowledged a learned man, a good poet, and an excellent physician, and, as such, was physician to King Henry the Eighth, and a member of the college of physicians, London.

The title-page of his Introduction of Knowledge runs thus:—"The first book of the Introduction of Knowledge, the which doth teach a man to speak part of all manner of languages, and to know the usage and fashions of all manner of countries, and for to know the most part of all manner of coins of money, the which is current in every region." From this flaming title it appears that the art of puffing was early known to authors and booksellers.

A work of his was printed in London, 1575, intituled, "The Breviarie of Health; wherein doth follow, remedies for all manner of sicknesses and diseases the which may be in man or woman, expressing the obscure terms of Greek,

Araby, Latin, Barbary, and English, concerning phisicke and chirurgerie; compiled by Andrew Boarde, doctor of phisicke:"—a small quarto, printed in black letter.

There is no doubt but he was a man of considerable abilities and learning, for the period in which he lived (says Dr. Tabor); he is not mentioned in the *Biographia Britannica*, though many are inserted there certainly of less note. He died a prisoner in the Fleet, April, 1549, yet it is probable not for debt, because he left in his will two houses at Lynn, in Norfolk, and his goods and chattels in his house at Winchester, to one Richard Matthew, whom he constituted his heir, without mention of kindred at all.

For the Monthly Visitor.

THAT an individual should seriously come forward in a public print, and construe an attempt to unite the several denominations of the religious world in the bonds of love and charity into a gross libel on a *christian* bishop, argues an awful ignorance of the nature and a criminal alienation from the spirit of our common christianity. And yet a charge of this kind is preferred against the *Editor of the Christian Lady's Pocket Book* for 1803, in an address to the bishop of London, published by Cobbet, in his last *Weekly Register*. The crime alledged, is, that the portraits of FOUR ministers of different persuasions—*a churchman, a presbyterian, a*

baptist, and an *independent*, are put together in the same page by way of frontispiece, and that *four hands* are joined together in the centre, indicative of that harmony which ought to be cherished towards each other—as the badge of their religion! The ministers are the present worthy bishop of London, distinguished for a spirit of catholicism and an expansive benevolence—Dr. Abraham Rees, the learned Editor of Chambers's Encyclopedia, and author of several valuable sermons—Dr. John Rippon, deservedly popular, on account of his zeal and activity as a minister of the gospel, and Mr. William Jay, so justly admired for his pulpit talents and amiable piety. That his lordship should be placed in *such* company excites the indignation of the writer of the above address to a degree bordering on insanity. He not only brands dissenting ministers with the most odious appellations, terming them *false apostles*, *deceitful workers*, *wolves in sheep's clothing*—assuming the character of teachers, that *they might do the more effectually the tempter's work*, &c. but he devoutly invokes *the terrors of the law* to consume them out of the land! Apprehensive, however, that the truly christian disposition of this prelate is utterly averse to *persecution* of every kind for conscience's sake; he then piously entreats his lordship “to smite *these most maliciously wicked* with his own proper sword! For Christ's sake—for his church's sake, *refute* them!” To this mode of chastisement the dissenters can have no objection; they have never yet been afraid of argument—*this sword*

excites in them no terror—their cause is the cause of God and truth—their religion is a religion of peace and charity.

As this writer, in the paroxysm of his rage, refers to our Saviour's rule of judging men, not according to their professions but according to their *fruits*—we shall be enabled to form a pretty accurate estimate of his real disposition. Avowedly a clergyman, for he signs himself his lordship's *most dutiful son* and servant, only puts *his* profession, and the *fruits* he brings forth, at a greater variance from each other. For here is a MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, calling for the violation of that *law of love* which good archbishop Usher terms the *eleventh commandment*, from the solemnity with which our Saviour gave it to his disciples, and from the importance of its observance to the peace and happiness of the world. In direct opposition to CHRIST, therefore, does this clergyman hate and endeavour to persecute his dissenting brethren, misapplying in an outrageous manner, the words of the apostle PAUL, who declares expressly, that *now remaineth faith, hope, and charity—but the greatest of these is—CHARITY* !

The fury of this writer's zeal is kindled at seeing his lordship's portrait accompanied with those of dissenting ministers, with hands clasped in each other, emblematical of that harmony which they *ought* to indulge as professors of our common christianity ! Had, however, his holy indignation suffered him to examine the contents of the Pocket-book, he would have found among the extracts, the following declaration

made by the present bishop of Landaff—a learned and distinguished prelate of his own church. “There is a SOMEWHAT,” says his lordship, “in our *common* faith in which ALL are agreed, and that SOMEWHAT is, in my opinion, a circumstance of such *ineffable* importance, that I will never refuse THE RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP to him who acknowledges its truth—never think or speak of him with disrespect, nor with true pharisaical pride, esteem myself more orthodox—more acceptable to my Redeemer than he is—and that SOMEWHAT is—ETERNAL LIFE THE GIFT OF GOD THROUGH JESUS CHRIST!”——

I shall only ask whether this noble declaration worthy of a *professed successor of the Apostles*, does not justify the EDITOR of the *Christian Ladies Pocket Book*, in conducting it on a liberal and comprehensive plan, embellishing the work with the heads of ministers of different persuasions, and enumerating *all* the principal places of religious worship in the metropolis, where individuals have an opportunity of attending with a view to their moral and religious improvement? He certainly has *thus* contributed *his* mite to the banishing of that vile pharisaical spirit of bigotry, which has so long afforded matter of exultation to the infidel, and been the source of poignant grief to the enlightened and truly serious professors of christianity.

London,
Dec. 31, 1802.

MELANCTHON.

MORAL MYTHOLOGY,
EXPLAINED BY LORD BACON.

Concluded from last volume, page 313.

6.

THE FABLE OF THE SIRENS;

Explained of Men's Passion for Pleasures.

THE fable of the sirens is, in a vulgar sense, justly enough explained of the pernicious incentives to pleasure: but the ancient mythology seems to us like a vintage ill pressed and trod; for though something has been drawn from it, yet all the more excellent parts remain behind in the grapes that are untouched.

FABLE.

The sirens are said to be the daughters of Achelous, and Terpsichore, one of the muses. In their early days they had wings, but lost them upon being conquered by the muses, with whom they rashly contended: and with the feathers of these wings the muses made themselves crowns, so that from this time the muses wore wings on their heads, excepting only the mother to the sirens.

These sirens resided in certain pleasant islands, and when from their watch-tower they saw any ship approaching, they first detained the sailors by their music, then enticing them to shore, destroyed them.

Their singing was not of one and the same kind, but they adapted their tunes exactly to

the nature of each person, in order to captivate and secure him. And so destructive had they been, that these islands of the sirens appeared to a very great distance white with the bones of their unburied captives.

Two different remedies were invented to protect persons against them, the one by Ulysses, the other by Orpheus. Ulysses commanded his associates to stop their ears close with wax: and he determining to make the trial, and yet avoid the danger, ordered himself to be tied fast to a mast of the ship, giving strict charge not to be unbound, even though himself should entreat it: but Orpheus, without any binding at all, escaped the danger, by loudly chanting to his harp the praises of the gods, whereby he drowned the voices of the sirens.

EXPLANATION.

This fable is of the moral kind, and appears no less elegant than easy to interpret: for pleasures proceed from plenty and affluence, attended with activity or exultation of the mind.* Anciently their first incentives were quick, and seized upon men as if they had been winged; but learning and philosophy afterwards prevailing, had at least the power to lay the mind under some restraint, and make it consider the

* The one denoted by the river Achelous, and the other by Terpsichore, the muse that invented the Cithara, and delighted in dancing.

issue of things, and thus deprived pleasures of their wings.

This conquest redounded greatly to the honor and ornament of the muses, for after it appeared, by the example of a few, that philosophy could introduce a contempt of pleasures, it immediately seemed to be a sublime thing that could raise and elevate the soul, fixed in a manner down to earth, and thus render men's thoughts, which reside in the head, winged, as it were, or sublime.

Only the mother of the sirens was not thus plumed on the head, which doubtless denotes superficial learning, invented and used for delight and levity; an eminent example whereof we have in Petronius, who, after receiving sentence of death, still continued his gay frothy humour, and, as Tacitus observes, used his learning to solace or divert himself and instead of such discourses as give a firmness and constancy of mind, read nothing but loose poems and verses.* Such learning as this seems to pluck the crowns again from the muses' heads, and restore them to the sirens.

The sirens are said to inhabit certain islands, because pleasures generally seek retirement, and often shun society. And for their songs,

* "Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus;

"Rumoresque Senum severiorum

"Omnes unius estimemus Assis.

And again —

"Jura Senes norint, & quod sit Fasque Nefasque

"Inquirant tristes; Legumque examina servant."

with the manifold artifice and destructiveness thereof, this is too obvious and common to need explanation. But that particular, of the bones stretching like white cliffs along the shores, and appearing afar off, contains a more subtle allegory, and denotes that the examples of others calamities and misfortunes, though ever so manifest and apparent, have yet but little force to deter the corrupt nature of man from pleasures.

The allegory of the remedies against the sirens is not difficult, but very wise and noble: it proposes, in effect, three remedies, as well against subtle as violent mischiefs, two drawn from philosophy and one from religion.

The first means of escaping is to resist the earliest temptation in the beginning, and diligently avoid and cut off all occasions that may solicit or sway the mind; and this is well represented by stopping of the ears—a kind of remedy to be necessarily used with mean and vulgar minds, such as the retinue of Ulysses.

But nobler spirits may converse, even in the midst of pleasures, if the mind be well guarded with constancy and resolution. And thus some delight to make a severe trial of their own virtue, and thoroughly acquaint themselves with the folly and madness of pleasures, without complying or being wholly given up to them; which is what Solomon professes of himself, when he closes the account of all the pleasures he gave a loose to, with this expression—"But wisdom still continued with me." Such heroes in virtue may therefore remain unmoved by the

greatest incentives to pleasure, and stop themselves on the very precipice of danger, if, according to the example of Ulysses, they interdict themselves all pernicious counsel and obsequiousness of their friends and companions, which have the greatest power to shake and unsettle the mind.

But the most excellent remedy, in every temptation, is that of Orpheus, who, by loudly chanting and resounding the praises of the gods, confounded the voices and kept himself from hearing the music of the sirens : for divine contemplations exceed the pleasures of sense not only in power but also in sweetness.

7.

THE FABLE OF DIOMED;

Explained of Persecution, or Zeal for Religion.

DIOMED acquired great glory and honor at the Trojan war, and was highly favored by Pallas, who encouraged and excited him by no means to spare Venus, if he should casually meet her in fight. He followed the advice with too much eagerness and intrepidity, and accordingly wounded that goddess in her hand. This presumptuous action remained unpunished for a time ; and when the war was ended, he returned with great glory and renown to his own country, where finding himself embroiled with domestic affairs, he retired into Italy. Here also, at first, he was well received, and nobly entertained by King Daunus, who, be-

sides other gifts and honors, erected statues for him all over all his dominions. But upon the first calamity that afflicted the people after the stranger's arrival, Daunus immediately reflected that he entertained a devoted person in his palace, an enemy to the gods, and one who had sacrilegiously wounded a goddess with his sword, whom it was impious but to touch. To expiate, therefore, his country's guilt, he, without regard to the laws of hospitality (which were less regarded by him than the laws of religion), directly slew his guest, and commanded his statues and all his honors to be razed and abolished. Nor was it safe for others to commiserate or bewail so cruel a destiny: but even his companions in arms, whilst they lamented the death of their leader, and filled all places with their complaints, were turned into a kind of swans, which are said, at the approach of their own death, to chant sweet melancholy dirges.

EXPLANATION.

This fable intimates an extraordinary and almost singular thing, for no hero besides Diomed is recorded to have wounded any of the gods.—Doubtless we have here described the nature and fate of a man who professedly makes any divine worship or sect of religion, though in itself vain and light, the only scope of his actions, and resolves to propagate it by fire and sword. For although the bloody dissensions and differences about religion were unknown to the ancients, yet so copious and diffusive was their knowledge, that what they knew not by expe-

rience, they comprehended in thought and representation: those, therefore, who endeavour to reform or establish any sect of religion, tho' vain, corrupt, and infamous (which is here denoted under the person of Venus), not by the force of reason, learning, sanctity of manners, the weight of arguments, and examples; but would spread or extirpate by persecution, pains, penalties, tortures, fire and sword; may, perhaps, be instigated hereto by Pallas, that is, by a certain rigid prudential consideration, and a severity of judgment, by the vigor and efficacy whereof they see thoroughly into the fallacies and fictions of the delusions of this kind; and through aversion to depravity and a well-meant zeal, these men usually for a time acquire great fame and glory, and are by the vulgar (to whom no moderate measures can be acceptable), extolled, and almost adored, as the only patrons and protectors of truth and religion; men of any other disposition seeming, in comparison with these, to be luke-warm, mean-spirited, and cowardly. This fame and felicity, however, seldom endures to the end, but all violence, unless it escapes the reverses and changes of things by untimely death, is commonly unprosperous in the issue: and if a change of affairs happens, and that sect of religion which was persecuted and oppressed gains strength and rises again, then the zeal and warm endeavours of this sort of men are condemned, their very name becomes odious, and all their honors terminate in disgrace.

As to the point that Diomed should be slain by his hospitable entertainer, this denotes that religious dissensions may cause treachery, bloody animosities, and deceit even between the nearest friends.

That complaining or bewailing should not, in so enormous a case, be permitted to friends affected by the catastrophe, without punishment, includes this prudent admonition—that almost in all kinds of wickedness and depravity, men have still room left for commiseration, so that they who hate the crime may yet pity the person and bewail his calamity, from a principle of humanity and good-nature; and to forbid the overflowings and intercourses of pity upon such occasions were the extremest of evils: yet in the cause of religion and impiety the very commiserations of men are noted and suspected. On the other hand, the lamentations and complainings of the followers and attendants of Diomed, that is, of men of the same sect or persuasion, are usually very sweet, agreeable, and moving, like the dying notes of swans, or the birds of Diomed. This also is a noble and remarkable part of the allegory, denoting, that the last words of those who suffer for the sake of religion, strongly affect and sway men's minds, and leave a lasting impression upon the sense and memory.

A TRIP TO PARIS.

To kinder skies—where gentler manners reign,
 We turn—and FRANCE displays her bright domain!
 Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
 Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please!
GOLDSMITH.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

THE following remarks were written at different times, on the road, by my esteemed friend J. M—. Esq. of B—. with whom and another friend, Mr. B—. of B—. I had the pleasure of making a tour to Paris, and back again to England. Mr. M—. on our return to England, very politely complied with my request, of permitting me to take a copy of them, which is very much at your service.

I am Gentlemen,

your obt. hmb. servt,

Hoxton-square.

S. N. B.

SEPT. 25, 1802, at 7 P. M. I left Brighton with B—, and B—, by captain Lind's packet, the Margaret and Elizabeth, for Dieppe—entered the pier, which is very fine, about 11 A. M. the next day, Sunday. The view of the town on entering is pleasing; the houses are very old with considerable projections; the population about 20,000. The people here

were by no means opulent, at least if we may judge from appearance, which exhibited a striking mixture of finery and poverty; their heads were most fancifully and extravagantly ornamented, and all their other dress bore symptoms of penury. In the evening I was gratified beyond description, by seeing the enthusiastic happiness conveyed to perhaps 5000 people at Jainval, from a simple dance, under trees; not more than 100 were engaged in the amusement, but the joy spread to all. Happy people! whose pleasures are so simple and so easily attainable; even *I* caught a spark of the genial flame, and I think looked as I certainly felt *happy*. I even attempted to speak something like French, and was not laughed at; the place was illuminated, as it was dark when we got there; the music was a long drum beat by a boy, and a violin played by a female, who obligingly left her elevated orchestra to give us a few bars of Astley's hornpipe, at which we expressed as much pleasure at least, as we felt. The dancing ground was worn as hard and as bare as a turnpike-road, yet many of the happy rascals danced with great taste!—Close to the spot earthenware was disposed of by lottery, and we had the pleasure to make several children pleased by presenting them with the prizes we gained; there was also a house open for refreshment which we entered—but not the least drunkenness or riot was found in it, or the slightest indecorum among the dancers; I left this land of enchantment about eight, more pleased than

I could have been with the grandest effort of pomp and pageantry.

Delarue at the hotel de Londres, was very civil, his beds, dinners, and wines good. At about eleven on Monday, we (6 Englishmen) left Dieppe for Rouen, in a humour disposed to be pleased with every thing we saw. We admired trees, by no means beautiful, as they were the first we had ever seen, and praised mud cottages the abode of poverty, as they were palaces; for many miles of the road, which is very broad, very straight and very dusty, apple-trees were planted on each side without any protection, and were bending with fruit; the quantity must be immense! About three we got to *Tottes* (about 19 miles) a small village, where we dined; they attempted to give us an English dinner, but it was ill-dressed and cold; we were promised *Roast Beef* with an archness that seemed to hint the gratification it would afford us; however it was only the *hoax* of our lively female-waiter, as none came; the charge here was much greater than at Dieppe, and the wine worse.—The diligence was heavy, awkward, and inconvenient beyond description; we had a *Unicorn* set of horses, the first guided by the postillion with a bit of string, and the whole was much more influenced by his voice than any thing else. At eight we arrived at ROUEN, 36 miles, fare 6s. 8d. where they actually gave us *Roast Beef*, two ribs *hor* for supper. I doubt not but these people think it the greatest delicacy they can offer us, and I can easily imagine their surprise, when

we sent it away uncut, must have been extreme. The two B--'s. and I went to the theatre, which much resembles Covent-Garden, but is very dirty and out of repair.—Our ignorance led us into a box, which was wide open, and we were sometime afterwards joined by an officer, apparently of distinction, who certainly forgot his national politeness, by hinting to us that the box was private, and he suffered us to make our bow and our exit. I thought the performance good and the action very easy and natural; the singing was pleasing, but not fine; a lively, pleasant actress was much applauded; we were there an hour, in which time neither the act nor scene was changed once, this is the general custom in France. I afterwards found our officer, who is now a *general*, was lately a *groom*!

ROUEN is very populous (100,000 people); the Boulevards which surround the city, are a fine double row of trees, with a handsome road. From a mount close to the town, (I think *St. Catherine's*) is the most beautiful view I perhaps ever saw; on one side is the town, which you completely overlook—on the other a most romantic view of the Seine, with its bridge of boats and a most highly cultivated country!—The river is beautifully covered with islands of various shapes and sizes, which are partly covered with trees to the water's edge; the whole is enchanting! The cathedral built by the English, and therefore called the English church, is I think a beautiful structure, and must be seen as one of the curiosities of Rouen.

Wednesday morning, at three, I was called to go by the diligence to Paris—the fare to Paris is 15s. inside, and 2s. 6d. guard, for 69 miles English, but more by the French measurement; the two B—'s. were obliged to ride on the top, in a sort of a basket, as they kindly gave me the only inside place to be got; there were also inside six men and two charming French women. The country through which we passed, was the finest I ever saw, almost perfectly level, and every inch cultivated, though I thought not highly productive—the harvest not quite all in. The roads the first 35 miles as before, and my old friends, the apple-trees, still with us; at Bourdeaux before twelve we stopped to dinner, at which we had two regular courses, wine, a desert, coffee and liquors at 2s. 6d. each.

Our dinner consisted of soup—bouilli—stewed-pidgeons—roast veal—maintinon chops—roast hare larded—custards and patties—sallad of course, and my favourite *Neuf Chatel* cheese;—the desert—grapes—pears—and sponge cakes.—Mine hostess did not forget the usual hoax of promising *My Lord Anglois* his dear roast beef. From this place the road to Paris, and the face of the country alters materially; the former is paved in the middle with the Scotch pebble used in London, and the latter is more diversified. Near Paris there are vineyards; these by the by did not please me, as the vines were planted like hops, on sticks about a yard high, and gave me no idea of the luxurance I expected.—One of the

French ladies favoured me with several French songs in a very pleasing style; in return I sung her "Peggy Perkins," and "Steady as she goes." An Englishman in the coach was our interpreter, to him I owe two or three kisses of the lovely brunette, which I got at the usual game of forfeit; but her sweet lips were kept sacred as she only presented both sides of her cheeks: her manners were very playful and airy, but I doubt not perfectly innocent.

The determination of these people to be happy, was further proved to-day by their being enraptured for two hours with the trifling game of forfeits, at which men of forty joined with the enthusiasm of fourteen!—We were told of a banker at Paris, who had a private road for eight miles to that city. N. B. This article is rather doubtful.

At eight in the evening we reached PARIS, and after some trouble took four good rooms and a sitting-room, at five louis a-week at the *Hotel D'Angleterre*, No. 777, Rue *Traversier*, St. Honoré.—My friend, B—. I fear, lost his heart by the smiles of our fair hostess, who had all her lovely countrywomen's gaiety! The general appearance of Paris is not striking: the houses seem unconscionably high, with too many projecting ornaments, and too irregular for an English eye; they are generally built of white stone; but as they soon become dirty and want the enlivening assistance of paint, they have not that smartness of appearance which is met with in England; the fashionable streets are miserably narrow, irregular and dreadfully

dirty; but irregularity appears in some measure the characteristic of the nation. Amidst these crowded houses and dirty streets, you are constantly surprised with buildings of the greatest magnificence and splendor; while in the gardens of the buildings (even the Thuilleries and the Palais Royal) the walks are separated from each other by miserable bits of painted laths, which in England would not be used but in gardens of a cobbler!—I cannot attempt to do justice to the elegant grace and genteel attractions of the women; their dress is perhaps a little too airy for plain John Bull, but it is however a very few degrees nearer nakedness than in our fashionable women. As their form is perfect symmetry and their very look highly animated with that lively arch playfulness which I so much admire, I doubt not but an acquaintance with them and their language might have endangered the heart of any man of less philosophy than myself! The young women please me best when they walk with their heads entirely uncovered, which is a very general custom here.

(To be concluded in our next.)

AIR BALLOON IN TURKEY.

Constantinople, Oct. 24.

WE have been gratified here with the ascension of a balloon. The Grand Signior having heard of repeated experiments of this kind in different parts of Europe, sent for two Englishmen, a Mr. Baily and Mr. Devig-

nes, an artist and member of the Mathematical Society of London, and engaged them to make one. One of eight feet diameter was filled and let off in his presence, to his complete satisfaction. He could not comprehend what was meant by hydrogen gas, but being told it was a kind of spirit, was satisfied, and ordered them to make a public experiment on a large scale. On the day appointed (7th October) an immense concourse of people, such as no Turk had ever seen before, supposed from 25 to 30,000, were assembled in the beautiful valley of Dalmaback. The women were all ranged on one side, having their heads and faces, except their eyes, covered with muslin, and the men on the other. The variety of brilliant colours which composed their dresses and turbans made a most lively and beautiful display in this immense amphitheatre. The Grand Signor entered the valley in great state, attended by all the Nobility, and two or three hundred slaves, dressed in white, surrounded by a numerous guard. The Captain Pacha also came in great state, attended by sixty Mamelukes on Arabian horses, and took his place opposite to that of the Grand Signior. Lord Elgin and all the foreign Ambassadors were also present. The balloon was of red silk, ornamented with crescents and stars in different foils, which had a most brilliant appearance in the rays of the sun. It was fifteen feet in diameter, and filled in thirty-nine minutes, and at half past 12 ascended majestically amidst an universal shout of *Ala, Ala*; that is, a God, a God. It re

mained in the air twenty hours, during which time it crossed the sea of Mamora, and fell in Asia. The artists received handsome presents in money, besides all their expences, from the Grand Signior and the Captain Pacha, by the latter they were each of them presented with a rich fur pelisse. They are now preparing one of a larger diameter, with which they mean to ascend. The ignorance of the Turks was very apparent on this occasion: when the balloon was nearly filled, the cord by which it had been suspended was cut, and a breeze sprung up, which caused it to incline towards the Grand Signior, and afterwards on the recoil towards the Captain Pacha—this they took to be an intended salute to those personages. When it ascended, some asked when it would come back, others how many hundred weight it weighed, some thought a thousand pounds! Their jealousy was also great; for they contrived to introduce two Turks into the ground half an hour before the ascent, in order to persuade the people they had a hand in it, and for their dexterity in gaping at it, they were suffered to touch part of the presents given on the occasion.

Epitome of Natural History.

NO. 5.

ANIMAL FLOWER.

THE reverend Griffith Hughes, in his natural history of the island of Barbadoes, gives the following account of a very curious object in nature, which he calls the animal-flower: "The cave that contains this animal is near the bottom of a high rocky cliff facing the sea, in the parish of St. Lucy. Its bottom forms a natural bason of about sixteen feet in breadth; and when the wind is high, and at a certain point, the sea breaks into it, and it is thus kept full of water, which, with the exception of a small quantity that oozes from the roof of an interior cavern, is entirely salt. In the middle of the bason, rises a small rock, which is always under water. Round the sides of this stone, at different depths, but seldom more than eighteen inches below the surface, are seen, at all seasons of the year, fine radiated flowers of a pale yellow, or bright straw-colour, slightly tinged with green. They have a circular border of petals, thickly set, and resembling, both in shape and size, the single garden mary-gold, the whole of this seeming flower, however, is narrower at the *discus*, or central circle, round which the leaves adhere, than any other flower of that kind. I attempted to pluck one of these flowers from the rock to which they are always fixed, but found, to

my surprise, that I was unable to touch it. When my fingers were under water, and had approached within two or three inches of their object, it immediately contracted, closed its yellow border, and retreated into the hole from which it issued. If left undisturbed for the space of about four minutes, it gradually returned into sight; expanding, though at first with caution, its seeming leaves, and, at length, re-displaying its mysterious bloom; whenever my hand had nearly reached it, it constantly recoiled; and the effect was the same if I had used a cane or slender twig. These were strong characteristics of animal life; yet, as its form and want of local motion classed it among vegetables, I was for some time in suspense, and imagined it to be an aquatic sensitive-plant. Though its contraction to avoid the touch was performed with more quickness than by any other plant that I had seen of that description, yet, its seeming leaves might be, and in reality were, of a far thinner and more delicate texture than those of any known flower; and the weight of the water, so much greater than that of air, might contribute to this celerity. With respect to the extreme thinness of the petals, I had once an opportunity of ascertaining the fact: for though I could not, by any means, contrive to take or pluck from the rock one of these animals entire, I was fortunate enough to succeed, after waiting for some time with a knife near the mouth of a hole, in cutting off two deceptive leaves. When out of the water, they retained, for a short time,

their shape and colour; they were composed of a membrane-like substance, surprizingly thin; and they soon shrivelled up and decayed. I was inclined, then, till a subsequent visit decided my opinion, to consider this flower as a sensitive-plant: but I now plainly saw four dark-coloured resemblances of threads, something like the legs of a spider, rising out of the centre of the leaves. Their quick spontaneous motion, from one side to the other of this circular border of seeming leaves, which, in reality, were so many arms or feelers, and their closing together like a forceps, as if they had hemmed in their prey, which the yellow border like wise soon surrounded and closed to secure, fully convinced me that it was a living creature. Its body, at a distance, appears to be about as big as a raven's quill, and of a blackish colour: the one end sticking to the rock, the other extending a very small distance from it; and incircled with a yellow border, as above described. Now, since the same goodness and wisdom which give being to creatures, preserve them in that being or existence by ways and means as wonderful as their creation itself, we may conjecture, with some probability, the intention of the amazing providence of God in induing this animal's arms or feelers with a fine yellow colour, and ordering it to differ, in this particular, from the several tribes of fungous animals that are usually found cleaving to the rocks in the sea. These latter, may be fed with spawn, or other animalcules, which the flux and reflux of the waves throw in their

way; and, in this case, there is no need of any uncommon means for inticing their prey, even supposing it to be animal, within their reach: but still water, like that in the cave, will not, in the same manner, of itself convey this supply of food. Here then, some extraordinary temptation is requisite, in order to allure the prey within the reach of the stationary animal that is to be fed. To this end, the fine brilliant colour that has been described may have been given to the creature in question: or, as the rays of light, or what resembles them, are inviting to almost every thing that lives, the beautiful border may serve as a decoy. All the species of this creature are not, however, of the same colour. In the uppermost part of the same rock, there are innumerable clusters of what are provincially called *water-bottles*, very much resembling scattered clusters of unripe grapes: the outside consisting of a bluish skinny tegument, like that of a grape, and the inside filled with water, in a somewhat turbid state. Among these are a great number of the animal-flowers. Like the yellow ones, they are fixed to the rock, not in holes, but sticking to the surface, among the water-bottles, and generally not more than nine inches under water. The leaves, or rather feelers, of these, are of a greyish-purple colour, variegated with black spots. Other animal-flowers, of a bluish green colour, some of which are not larger than an English two-penny piece of silver, grow in clusters upon the rocks. None of these latter sorts

are not so sensitive as the yellow; and they vary from each other. Having plucked one of those growing among the water-bottles, I found the body, which was about an inch long, to possess a sensible vermicular motion. The feelers, likewise, which decorated one end of it, when exposed to the air, shrunk up, and remained as lifeless; but as soon as the whole was dipped in the water, they would as it were, assume a new life, and appear again in their full vigour. Soon after the discovery of these surprising animals, a great number of people came to view them: but this was attended with some small inconvenience to the person through whose hands they were obliged to pass, he, to get rid of the company, resolved to destroy this object of their curiosity. In order to do this effectually, he took a piece of iron, prepared for the purpose, and carefully bored and drilled every part of the holes in which these seeming flowers were bred; but, to his great surprise, in a few weeks, they appeared again, issuing out of the same holes.— Let us here, for a while, stop and consider whether our much-boasted reason can find out how even a latent principle of life can be preserved after the whole organic body is torn in pieces? When we see this animal, in a short time after its apparent destruction, resuscitate, and appear in its former proportion, beauty, and life, can we, after such an ocular demonstration of so astonishing a change in a creature destined for this life only, and removed, in all appearance, but a few degrees from the

vegetable creation, any longer entertain doubts about the reasonableness of another doctrine of a far greater consequence? And as every past age has been, so, undoubtedly, every future will be, blest with some surprising new discovery of the unsearchable power and wisdom of God."

Great Public Characters.

NO. 7.

JOHN LORD ELDON,

CHANCELLOR OF GREAT-BRITAIN.

THIS illustrious character was the son of Mr. Scott, a tradesman in the North of England, who had a large family and but little to support it. Notwithstanding his scanty circumstances, he endeavoured to give his son a good education, who having become a graduate at Oxford, was entered a student of the Middle-Temple in 1772.

During his studies he was instigated by little or no prospect of extraordinary success: instead of entertaining the hope of those honors which awaited, his greatest expectations could have been only competency and respectability —He had no friends, and therefore could only hope to acquire publicity by *merit*, which others, and indeed too many, obtain by *interest*. There is perhaps no profession which requires greater connections than the law, and yet, the church excepted, we believe it boasts of more *unha-*

tronized candidates than any: by a proper introduction, a man with little or no merit may be loaded with *briefs*, while another of far superior talents, but without friends, may be unemployed the greater part of his life, except a lucky circumstance affords him a happy opportunity of exerting his abilities. The usual time having elapsed, Mr. Scott was called to the bar. He had previously availed himself of all the information that could possibly be derived from a constant attendance on the courts, and at the offices of special pleaders or conveyancers—he likewise employed his leisure hours in reading every necessary volume and in making extracts from the same. Such, however, was the store of information with which he had furnished himself, that it promised him greater success from chamber-practice, than from pleading at the bar. It was some time before he could be prevailed upon to appear at courts, in consequence of which timidity or diffidence he commenced the career of an active life as a draughtsman in chancery. But the close confinement and constant fatigue at the desk, rendered this sedentary employment detrimental to his health, nor were the emoluments adequate to his expectations. The loss of health rendered him also *sick at heart*, and in a fit of despondency, he sold his chambers, and took leave of his most intimate friends, with the determination of quitting the metropolis and seeking some solitary retreat: but now a lucky circumstance, as before alluded to, occurred and not only diverted him from his pur-

pose, but stamped his merit with publicity. He was prevailed upon, at least to defer, if not to decline his intention by a deceased solicitor, of great reputation, as well as from his unsullied integrity, as from the skilful knowledge of his profession. This worthy gentleman, this real friend encouraged him to make one trial more and *that* as a pleader at the bar of the courts, assuring him of every assistance in his power. To the discernment of Lord Thurlow, that distinguished nobleman who was ever ready in advancing merit, our hero was indebted for his rise. He had not long been in full practice, when, by his patron's advice, he was allowed to wear a silk gown, that is, he was admitted within the bar. He surmounted by degrees, his diffidence, and at length acquired that quickness of comprehension and facility of expression, which can only be derived from a commendable assurance. His abilities were now countenanced by government. In 1783 he obtained a seat in parliament, for the borough of Weobly, and in 1788 was advanced to the office of Solicitor-General. In 1793 he was appointed Attorney-General, and in 1799 he was made Chief Justice of the Common-Pleas, and rewarded with a Peerage. The resignation of the Earl of Roslyn advanced him to his present elevation which he fills with distinguished honour and in perfect confidence with the present ministers. It is not for us to enter minutely into his senetorial or legal character, but thus far we must say that in *every* station he has acquired respec-

tability, and this is apparent, one step of preferment having led to another. As a lawyer, he is the first, as well in dignity as reputation; and to those who may remember the *State-trials*, while he was Attorney-General, we beg leave to say that he was then compelled by his station, and the distraction of the times, to prosecute many who were only *suspected* of treason. This mere sketch of his life though not replete with incidents, is yet sufficient to shew that merit, however neglected, should not despair, the golden opportunity may arrive when least expected, that should call forth the latent powers, and the fostering hand of encouragement may sooner or later award the *Honos Vetutis*.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

I TAKE the liberty to send you No. 1. of a series of letters, written between friends, of a domestic and literary nature; should you approve of them, they shall be continued; and as many of your readers may have valuable private letters of a similar nature, if you thus open an avenue to their preservation, I doubt not but they will readily embrace it, and enable you to present an interesting series of familiar correspondence upon important and miscellaneous topics of an improving and entertaining kind: and I propose that the real names to

each be printed at the close of the volume, but not before.

I remain

Your constant admirer,

Coventry-street,
Jan. 1803.

I. F.

ORIGINAL LETTERS,

LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

NO. 1.

LETTER I.

From the Rev. Mr. R. to Mr. Thomas N.

(On an Application to become Minister of the Congregation at H....Devon.)

SIR,

South Petherton, June 12, 17...

THIS waits on you in pursuance of what I wrote you in my last, to give you my final resolution. After as careful and exact deliberation as I am capable of, after advising with several pious and judicious persons whose opinions ought to have weight in such a case, and, give me leave to add, not without prayers to God for direction, I have determined to accept the invitation I have received from your people. As life at best is but short and uncertain, I devise to employ that season of it Providence shall allot me in the most useful services in my power to the cause of true religion and the highest interests of mankind: nothing but a prospect of this nature, as far as I can judge of

myself, could have induced me to leave my present situation ; permit me then to hope that your candor and christian agreement will be such as (under the divine blessing) to secure so great and desirable a success to my labours among you. I confess it gives me no small pain when I reflect on that advantageous opinion that you have entertained for me, from the kind representations you have received. The same candor and indulgence you have already shown me will still be necessary to support such an opinion. I am sensible of many imperfections that will need your indulgence, and know nothing in me that may claim your regard but that sincere desire of serving you in the highest views, which I hope will ever animate my endeavours.

The temporal advantage attending my removal to you (if indeed, considering the different circumstances of the places, it be any at all), is not, I think, so considerable as to justify a suspicion of my acting upon lucrative views : I can truly say such an imputation would be unjust ;—but as the important and decisive consideration in my proceeding has been the prospect of greater service to the common interest of christianity, so I leave to Divine Providence and your affection what relates to my decent support. It is not without deep concern I think of leaving a people from whom I have received such expressions of unanimity and affection ; may I beg and expect to find so much of these dispositions with you as may alleviate this concern. I shall come to

you almost a stranger, and must therefore claim your favor from the common laws of hospitality, as well as from other regards. As for the time of my removal, I cannot now fix it; I would see first what the people here are like to do, the scarcity of ministers in these parts being such as to render an immediate supply very difficult. I will endeavour to see you as soon as possible.

And now, Sir, permit me earnestly to desire you and all my friends thence to unite your prayers, that an happy and speedy settlement may take place in the congregation I am to leave for you, that my settlement with you may be attended with success in the advancement of true religion, the pure and salutary doctrine and sincere service of our Lord Jesus, to promote which I would ever desire to be the object of my cares, as a design of all others most worthy, and in respect of which all party regards and distinctions are low and inconsiderable.

Be pleased to recommend my services to your good family and to all my friends, and assure yourself that I am, Sir,

Your affectionate friend,

I. R.

LETTER II.

From Mr. Charles La R—— to the same.

DEAR FRIEND,

London, Sept. 6, 17—.

I GOT well home last night, and was agreeably entertained with your kind letter. I shall not attempt to return your compliments, but hasten to answer your enquiry in the best manner I can, though I confess myself quite unequal to the task; however, I know I can depend upon your candor, and am certain you will overlook any defect in it, knowing the thoughts are entirely unpremeditated.

The advantages of a virtuous life are very many and inexpressibly great; but I shall reduce them to four particulars. And 1st, a virtuous course of life will surely procure us the esteem of mankind in general; the wisest and best part of them will always applaud your conduct; those will openly acknowledge you to be worthy the highest regard, will recommend your conduct as an example to others, and be ever ready to do you all the friendly offices in their power; and indeed even among that part of mankind that discovers no regard to the practice of virtue, there will be many who have a secret awe and reverence of it, and would rather trust their fortunes, their characters, or lives, in the hands of a man they believe strictly virtuous, than with any that run with them to the same excess of riot. 2ndly, a virtuous course of life will preserve the ease

and health of the body, and probably prolong life; for as the vices of intemperance and debauchery sap the foundation of the best constitution, the opposite virtues, temperance and sobriety, must certainly preserve it. The virtuous man preserves himself at least from those diseases which are the consequence of intemperance: while the other quite unhinges his frame, his nerves are all unstrung, his stomach incapable of digestion, and probably his bones are full of rottenness, so that he brings the stately fabric of the body, formed by the inimitable skill of the great Creator, to an untimely dissolution. 3dly, It infallibly secures to us that invaluable blessing, peace of mind. Virtue is always rewarded from itself, the practice of it yielding the most solid satisfaction in life. The good man, when he lies down at night, can examine his breast, and with pleasure review the actions of the day; being acquitted by his conscience, he can cheerfully appeal to heaven and to men, and say, whom have I injured? sure none can justly reproach me, or say, there's the man that wronged me? What pleasure must it yield to a man to think that he has acted a rational wise part, so far consistent with the laws of his great Creator, that it will clear him at death, acquit him at judgment, and render him happy to all eternity. This will support him on a sick and dying bed, and this testimony of his conscience will then be his joy, and give him a bright and cheerful prospect into an eternal world; even at his expiring moments, when his heart, his strength, and all

the comforts of life fail him, he will have God for the strength of his heart and his ever matchless portion : death will not appear to him as a king of terrors, but as a messenger of peace to conduct him to those blissful mansions which are the reward of a virtuous life : and here, sthly, his advantages are far above description ; for who can paint the glories of the celestial world ; our conceptions fail, and our expressions languish, when we attempt so exalted a theme ; this however we may be assured of, we shall be free from every thing that can possibly give us pain—we shall have no inclination unsuitable to the purity of the place, and therefore no desire unsatisfied ; we shall be admitted to a near view of our Maker and Benefactor ; for though his presence fills Heaven and earth, though the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain him, yet he has chosen to appear there in a more gloriously distinguished manner, to reward the virtuous with the eternal smiles of his countenance.

Thus I have, in as brief a manner as the nature of the subject would admit, given you my thoughts on virtue, and if they give you a moment's pleasure, it answers my end. I have often lamented that I could not attend you at the ordination, to have had your company, and the additional pleasure of Miss B.'s : her company seems to give me a foretaste of the joys I have been attempting to describe ; her virtue will surely carry her thither, and her soul and body want but little refinement to fit them for the celestial regions. Do, pray, give my ser-

vice to her when you see her, and to all your family, Miss M.'s, &c. &c.

I am, &c.

C. L. R.

LETTER III.

Another from the same.

MY SINCERE FRIEND,

London, June 17, 17---.

I WOULD not neglect any opportunity of writing to you as soon as I got home, for two reasons—first, because I know it will give you some pleasure to hear from me; and next, for the answer which I shall impatiently expect. The pleasure that I always meet in your company makes my parting with you very severe—but such is the fate of all our enjoyments here, we can scarce get a taste of them ere they slip from our most eager grasp. The only certain satisfaction we have in life is the review of good actions; this will continually feed us with the sweetest reflection, this will support us through all the changes of this life, and remain with us throughout and unchangeable to eternity: and this, I hope, you and I shall never fail of having, to lessen all the ills of life, and more especially the pains of absence, which to me are not the least.

I am, &c. &c.

C. L. R.

(To be continued.)

For the Monthly Visitor.

ANNUAL REGISTER OF REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES IN THE YEAR 1802.

JANUARY.

2. **N**EWs of revolutionary discontents at Botany Bay reach this country. The governor issues a proclamation on the subject.

A maniac, of the name of Patrick Runey Nugent, attempts to gain admission at Buckinghamhouse.

4. Information is received of the revolt of the blacks in St. Domingo; the most dreadful ravages and murders are committed by the insurgents.

6. The naval court martial at Portsmouth commenced, for the trial of 14 seamen of the Temeraire, for mutiny. It continued open five days, when the charges were adjudged, proved against 13, who were condemned to death; and in part against one, who was ordered to receive 200 lashes.

14. Trial of five other mutineers of the Temeraire; four were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged; and one in part guilty, and ordered to receive 200 lashes.

An unconstitutional attack made on the liberty of the press, by an attempt to prevent the evidence on the court martial being taken down for publication.

15. Six of the mutineers executed at Spithead, viz. Chesterman, Collins, Hilliard, and Fitzgerald, on board the Temeraire, Ward on board the Majestic, and Mayfield on board the Formidable.

20. Joseph Wall, Esq. formerly governor of Greece, brought to trial at the Old Bailey, for the

murder of James Armstrong, a private soldier under his command, in the year 1782, by ordering him to be flogged with such severity that he died. The trial lasted from 9 in the morning till 11 at night, when the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be executed, but respited till the following Monday.

25. Particulars arrive of the treacherous murder of a number of Beys in Egypt, by order of the Porte.

Great rejoicings at Lyons, in consequence of the visit of the first consul.

29. Governor Wall executed, after having been twice respited: the crowd gave three cheers, and otherwise behaved with a ferocity unknown in civilized states.

FEBRUARY.

3. The mail from the Leeward Islands brings distressing accounts of the situation of the French colonies. Guadaloupe throws off its allegiance to the mother country, and joins the revolutionary chiefs.

News arrived of the death of Lord Clare, Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

4. The Paris papers bring the information of the first consul's election to the situation of president of the Italian republic.

8. Paris journals to the 3d inst. state the chief consul's return to Paris. He is addressed by the legislative and public bodies.

10. Mr. Abbot appointed speaker of the house of commons.

13. Sir John Mitford appointed Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by the title of Baron Redesdale.

15. His Majesty demands the aid of Parliament to pay off the arrears of the civil list.

17. Mr. Manners Sutton, in the debate on the arrears of the civil list, claims, on behalf of the Prince of Wales, the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, accumulated during the minority of his royal highness.

20. Letters from New York bring the first accounts of the arrival of the expedition from France in the West Indies.

MARCH.

2. His Grace the Duke of Bedford died.

4. Mr. Robson, a member of parliament, charges the government with inability to pay a bill of 19l. 10s.

6. Accounts from Paris state that numbers of arrests take place in that capital.

8. Orders given for equipping our fleets, and preparing for war, in consequence of the delay in signing the definitive treaty.

11. Advice is received that the Emperor Alexander had invited the courts of Vienna, Berlin, London, Madrid, Naples, Dresden, and Munich to join him in endeavoring to obtain a suitable settlement for the remaining princes of the house of Bourbon.

12. Accounts are received of the promulgation of the new Swiss government.

The inhabitants of Berne make strong representations to the French government, on account of the movements of the French troops.

17. News is brought that General Le Clerc had effected a landing at Saint Domingo.

16. Accounts arrive of the massacre of the whites at Guadaloupe and the burning of Cape Town.

The citizens of London assembled in common hall, and resolved to petition parliament for a repeal of the income tax.

20. The Paris papers contain copies of proclamations issued in the name of Bonaparte to the inhabitants of St. Domingo, and to Toussaint Louverture.

S. Ferrand Waddington, a hop merchant, and forestaller of that article, violently assaulted Mr. Best, a king's serjeant at law, in the town of Maidstone, for having, as he conceived, spoke too freely of him in the course of a trial.

25. The inhabitants of the borough of Southwark resolve to petition for the repeal of the income tax.

27. The definitive treaty of peace is signed at Amiens.

29. The chancellor of the exchequer gives notice of his intention to repeal the income tax.—The house of commons, in a committee of supply, grants a sum to defray the arrears of the civil list.

30. The Moniteur, received this day, contains a copy of the definitive treaty of peace signed between England and the French republic.

31. Mr. Manners Sutton's motion for the appointment of a select committee, to examine into the claims of the Prince of Wales, respecting the revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, is negatived by majority of 57.

APRIL.

4. Lord Kenyon, chief justice of the king's bench, dies at Bath, in the 69th year of his age.

12. The Paris papers contain an account of the communication to the legislative body of the concordat between the French government and his holiness Pius VII. interchanged on the 10th of September, 1801.

Sir Francis Burdett's motion, for an enquiry into the conduct of his Majesty's late ministers, is negatived by a majority of 207.

13. The secretary at war brings forward his plan for the future organization of the militia.

17. Sir Edward Law is created Baron Ellenborough, and appointed chief justice of the court of king's bench.

19. News arrived from Saint Domingo of Toussaint being abandoned by numbers of his best troops.

20. The sheriffs of London address the Prince of Wales on the subject of their absence from the civic festival on Easter Monday.

25. The ratification of the definitive treaty by the courts of Madrid and the Hague, arrives in London.

27. The Gazette contains his Majesty's proclamation for publishing the peace, and for a day of thanksgiving to celebrate the same.

28. Notice is given at the several ports that his Majesty's licence is no longer necessary to enable British subjects to go to France, Holland, &c.

29. Celebration of the peace throughout the metropolis. Splendid illuminations, particularly at M. Otto's, the French ambassador.—Two persons are killed by the falling of an urn from the east side of the New Church, in the Strand.

MAY.

3. The French papers received contains an act of grace respecting the emigrants.

Various important debates take place in both houses of parliament preparatory to the final discussion of the definitive treaty of peace.

9. The secretary at war brings forward a plan for the reduction of the army.

13. Both houses of parliament discuss the terms of the definitive treaty. In the upper house, Lord Grenville moved an address, to the tenor of which

the Duk of Norfolk proposed an amendment; this was affirmed by a majority of 106, and the original motion was negatived without a division. In the commons, Mr. Windham moved an address, to which Lord Hawkesbury proposed an amendment. The question was debated till three o'clock, when the house adjourned. The next day the subject was resumed, and after several other amendments had been negatived, Lord Hawkesbury's was carried in the affirmative.

15. The Paris papers bring the news of the first consul's re-election for ten years.

Accounts arrive of the arrest of Captain Mudge, of the *Constance* frigate, and part of his crew, at Lisbon.

19. Fresh accounts reach us of the arrestation of different persons in France.

20. The Paris journals to the 18th state, that on the preceding day, in a committee on the state of the colonies, it was recommended to continue the slave trade, as it existed under the monarchy.

26. M. Otto receives a courier from Paris with dispatches, containing overtures for settling a commercial treaty with Great Britain. A Mr. Colbert is appointed commercial commissioner.

28. Mr. Pitt's birth-day celebrated with great splendor at Merchant Taylor's Hall.

Accounts from St. Domingo represent the dangerous situation of the French army.

JUNE.

1. Mr. Nichols moves for information relative to the deposition of the nabob of the Carnatic. The papers and documents upon the subject are ordered to be printed.

7. The Paris papers contradict the reports of a conspiracy against Bonaparte.

9. Intelligence is received of an insurrection at the island of Dominica.

Great preparations are made for the private meeting of the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia, at Memel.

14. General Andreossi is appointed ambassador from the French republic to his Britannic Majesty, and M. Otto minister plenipotentiary to the United States.

16. Paris journals officially announce the surrender of Toussaint and Dessalines.

19. The Gazette announces the appointment of Lord Whitworth as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the French republic.

28. His Majesty, in a most gracious speech from the throne, dissolves the parliament.

M. Garnerin ascended in a balloon from Ranelagh: in three quarters of an hour traversed a space of 63 miles, accompanied by Capt. Sowden. They alighted at a short distance from Colchester.

29. The Gazette contains an official account of the King of Sardinia's resignation of his crown to his brother, Duke of Aosta.

(To be concluded in our next.)

FASHIONS OF LONDON AND PARIS.

IN LONDON

THERE is little change--the waists remain the same as before, and all other parts of the dress. The prevailing colours, as worn at the late birth-day, were black, orange, purple, and brown, but, above all black, particularly black velvet. Diamonds were worn in greater profusion than ever; stones of all colours were also worn. Feathers were much worn, and many of them in a reclining position. Few artificial flowers appeared, but many were in em-

broidery. Nothing very new appeared in the stile of dressing the hair ; but we were happy to see that no one introduced the French fashion of antique dripping locks. The head dresses were chiefly composed of spangled crape, feathers, and diamonds. The shoes, as usual, were made to correspond with the dresses.

PARIS.

It is still the fashion for ladies to wear their hair in a large tuft of curls at the front, consequently the turbans, hoods, and bonnets are not brought forward. The hoods are much plaited, and generally thrown back ; the cloaks most in fashion are of grey satin. The *toque* bonnets are also of grey satin or velvet. Orange, rose, and flesh-coloured satin will soon be completely exploded. The small *Savoyard* handkerchiefs are still in fashion. One sees but few hats of black velvet in comparison with what was used formerly to be worn. Some milliners wish to introduce bonnets with *gauffered* trimmings. All of them recommend embroidered trimmings ; but the fashionable pattern for embroidery represents *knots* and not *feathers*, as formerly. The short tunic which was so much in vogue last year by the name of the *Mameluke Tunic*, is still worn, but is now called the *Jewish Tunic*—they are made either of black velvet, with broad black lace, or of white satin, with a brilliant trimming of silver embroidery on a border of velvet or ribbon. For the large shawls of superfine cloth, the favorite colour is scarlet. The spencer is now exclusively worn by little mechanics—the colours worn are black or brown.

The fashionable season at Paris is now at its

zenith. Madame Recamier's parties excel all others: that lady gives a ball and rout every Monday alternately. The Duchess of Gordon's parties are on Tuesdays; Lord Cholmondeley's on Wednesdays or Thursdays; and Mr. Con-cannon's on Fridays and Sundays.

The British Traveller.

NO. 8.

THE ARMOUR OF THE MAMLUKS DESCRIBED
BY M. DENON, IN HIS LATE TRAVELS
IN EGYPT.

(Continued from our last volume, p. 248.)

With an Engraving.

THE armour of the mamlûks is costly, and composed of several pieces, a collection of which is represented on the opposite plate: figure 22 is a buckler of the hide of the rhinoceros, proof against the sabre: this specimen is of exquisite workmanship, and from the varnish which covers the leather, and the gilding of the ornaments, appears to have been brought from India: the little pad on the reverse side, figure 23, protects the hand from the rebound of a blow struck on the upper.

Figure 21 is another defensive arm, consisting of a brasset, with its gantlet. The mamlûks wear this only on their left arm, with which they hold the bridle; the hand which fights has only a glove of buff-skin. The manufacture of this arm is of the ancient damas-

cene, the ornaments in relief are modern, in silver and of middling workmanship. The gauntlet is of a double mail, of minute and endless workmanship, and the whole is matressed in red satin.

Figure 25 is a quiver, containing three darts, which the mamlûks are accustomed to lance before they take to the sabre: they are very adroit at this sort of exercise; and their servants, who run between the combatants when the dart does not take effect, and falls to the ground, are careful to pick it up, and restore it to their master: this arm has a point of forged steel, a shaft of wood, and ornaments of silver, in a tolerable taste, and executed at Kaira; the body of the quiver is covered with velvet.

Figure 24 is a dart taken out of the quiver.

Figure 4 is a club or baton of command, of steel, damasked in lamines, with good taste, and precious workmanship: this badge of dignity may become an arm in the heat of battle, and may serve to break the bucklers, and dispatch the wounded: the handle, which is hollow, conceals a steel javelin, of two pieces (figure 6); the lower part serving as a sheath to the upper: the whole of this javeline is damasked in silver, of very elaborate workmanship.

Figure 2 is an axe of steel damasked in gold, with a pierced inscription, indicating the place at which it was performed: the handle, in silver and copper, is of the manufacture of Kaira.

The letter B is a coffee pot, in portable chafing-dish, for the convenience of pouring the

boiling coffee into cups already in the hand ; these utensils are of silver, and manufactured at Kaira.

Figure 11 is a bow of whalebone, exquisite workmanship : from the quality of its ornaments, and its gilding, it appears to have been brought from India : its string is a skain of untwisted silk, which has more strength than the largest and best spun gut.

Figures 13 or 14 are two utensils which belong to the arm (figure 11) just described ; the one is a groove into which the arrow is introduced, and is adapted to the wrist that holds the bow, to direct the arrow at the moment of its departure.

Figure 13 is a morsel of ivory, which the drawer of the bow puts on his thumb, to enable him to draw with more force, and to protect him from being hurt by the vibration of the string.

The letter A is a profumatory ; this is a work in filagree, of a singular form, but of which each separate part is in exquisite taste, and immense elaboration.

The letter C is an aspersory ; this morsel of goldsmithery is exceedingly elaborate in its workmanship, and has the appearance of being Indian : in general, the modern Egyptians, though they have taste among them, yet having but few workmen and no manufactures, admit from every country what is adapted to their use : and there have been found among the spoils of the mamlûks English kettle-drums, French pistols of the last century, sabres of

which the blades were from Damascus or Persia, while the hilts were African, and coats of mails, arrows, and bows, which were either Indian or Chinese.

Figures 15 and 17 are the saddle and bridle of a mamlûk.

Figure 8 is his helmet.

Many of the mamlûks are men of great beauty, presenting the aspect of those African heroes of which the Arabian history and romances give a conception of the idea. Some idea of the condition of their lives, with respect to the disposal of their persons, will be formed from the history of one of this description of people, whom Bonaparte has brought into France: he belonged to the chief Elbekri, one of the great lords of Kaira, a descendant of the Khalifs: he was one of his favourites; he was to marry his master's daughter, and he did the honors of the house, when, some days before Bonaparte left Kaira, the lord, giving the latter an entertainment, took it into his head, at the conclusion of it, to make the general, whom he had served at table, a present of him:* by chance, he was one of the servants who followed Bonaparte on the day he left Kaira, and one of his establishment on his passage to Frejus.†

* He is now a constant attendant on the First Consul on all public occasions; and is usually dressed in the costume of his native country.

† A port in the Mediteranean.—For this place Bonaparte took his sudden departure from Egypt, to the astonishment of all Europe.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

SOLUTION TO OUR LAST NUMBER.

CHARADE—Snowdrop.

ENIGMA.

(To be answered in our next.)

I SAFELY sustain you when fearful you go
Where imminent danger threatens below :
But man, still ungrateful for all my kind care,
Oft tramples upon me, till bruises there are
All over my side ; yet if it was not for me
He oft in his journey perplexed would be.
Great burdens for him I have patiently borne,
And only ill usage have had in return.—
Bereav'd of my head, the remainder will tell
What is the reverse to healthy and well :
My head reunited, and tail ta'en away,
Shews what's often made by those who survey.

QUESTION BY A CORRESPONDENT.

To the Editors of the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me to ask some of your intelligent correspondents, what reason they can give, why, from the most remote antiquity, and from custom nearly universal, Honor, Dignity, and Use have been given to the Right Hand in preference to the Left ?

Yours, &c.

Jan. 17, 1803.

C. T. W.

BUCKINGHAM-HOUSE.

The following is a Description of the Interior of this Palace, which may be considered as the only Town Residence of their Majesties, St. James's being merely used as a Place of Audience and for Purposes of State.

THE hall of entrance is upon a scale suitable to the dignity and spaciousness of the dwelling, which is so amply stored with the finest paintings, that the walls of even this apartment are covered with them. Views of cities in Italy, especially those by Canaletti, prevail here. The pavement is of white and dark coloured marble. Three very large and superb lanterns, in the fashion of forty or fifty years since, hang from the cieling. Eight lamps in glasses are placed on carved pedestals, very well painted in imitation of bronze. The story of *Æneas* and *Dido* covers the walls of the staircase. On the landing-place of the chief floor, without any anti-room, opens the door of what is called the Japan-room, in which their majesties and the princesses breakfast. Here are the comforts of a family room with the grandeur and some of the ornaments of a palace. Three large paintings occupy three of the compartments, and, with several others, leave not much place for the curious Japan lining, from which the room takes its name. Vandyke is the favorite master here, and perhaps it is not too much to call these three lofty pictures his best works.

That nearest the fire-place represents Charles I. Henrietta Maria, and their family, all in whole length. The next is the portrait of Charles I. on horseback, with a page on foot. The third is the Duke of Alva on horseback. A time-piece occupies the centre of a beautiful marble chimney-piece. The curtains are velvet, painted by the Princess Elizabeth, in shades of brown and maroon, in imitation of cut velvet. Here the elegance of the furniture ends. The tables and chairs are of a very old and plain fashion. The cold and hard-rubbed floor is without a carpet, a luxury of which his majesty deprives himself in almost every apartment, from the opinion that carpets and other means of great warmth are injurious to the health. Many of his subjects would find this deficiency very lamentable if they were to pass a day at Buckingham-house. A piano-forte is on one side of the room; a large organ completely fills up a compartment near the fire-place. Several little stands of the height of a table, to hold a breakfast cup, or a work-bag, are placed in the corners. From this apartment extends a suite of rooms along the whole back front of the house, all nearly covered with the finest pictures—which have, however, been so often described, that we shall not notice them individually—Reubens, Vandyke, and Claude are the chief masters.

In every room the encouragement given by his majesty to ingenious constructors of time-pieces is apparent, and the king's fondness for the art may be well accounted for by his known

punctuality; in which probably none of his servants or subjects ever equalled him. We do not recollect that there is one room without a clock, certainly several have two or three: there are at least fifty in the house, all constantly wound up, according to their periods, by a trusty servant, and all in such correctness, that a difference of half a minute cannot be found amongst them. Weather-glasses of different sizes and constructions also occur frequently, and their *indices* correspond almost as well as the hands of the clocks. On this western side of the house are the king's and queen's *warm rooms*, apartments so called because they have the distinction of carpets, of which there are only four in the whole house, though not less than twenty of the rooms are in frequent use by the royal family; the others are in the dining-room and queen's bed-room, but none of these completely over the floor. The furniture of this suite of apartments is otherwise extremely remarkable, and for the very qualities opposite to those that might be expected: instead of being magnificent, elegant, or fashionable, it is of the very plainest form into which good materials can be worked; and even the materials are not always so conspicuously good, seldom so beautiful, as would be required in the houses of opulent individuals. And yet, though old enough to be far out of any late taste, it bears no stamp of a venerable antiquity. The damask of the curtains and chairs is much faded; the mahogany of the latter is not beautiful, it is even so dull that it much resembles walnut;

and the latter are made with curving legs and clump, or rather knob feet, not well carved. The tables are of a similar fashion. Several old and very plain *armoires* and *escrutoires* encumber the rooms. The appearance of the whole is very striking to a visitor, if he has been inspecting any of the magnificent dwellings called the *shew houses* of our opulent nobility, and has had his eye accustomed to gold mouldings, satin-lined compartments, stately mirrors, and vivid carpets. It would indeed be a lesson to the extravagance of the age to see this house. Amidst the utmost abundance of things justly valuable, of gratifications for an intelligent mind and solid taste, of books, pictures, maps, and instruments, purchased with a liberality truly royal, the King of England and his numerous family, scarcely more elevated in rank than in their accomplishments, content themselves with such other furniture in their more domestic apartments as many an opulent tradesman would certainly not envy. Now that solid value and real use in matters of this sort are despised, and nothing valued but shew and fashion, it may be beneficial to many individuals to see, or at least to know, how much more easily their sovereign is satisfied.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE GOUT

NEVER CAN NOR EVER OUGHT TO BE CURED.

A Fragment from an ancient Manuscript.

BLESSED Gout!—most desirable Gout! Sovereign antidote of murdering maladies—powerful corrector of intemperance—deign to visit me with thy purging fire, and throw off the tophous injury which I may have suffered by wine and wit, too hard for the virtue of a devotee upon a holy festival; but fail not thy humble supplicant, who needs thy friendly help to keep his tottering tenement in order; fail him not every vernal and nocturnal equinox.

1. The Gout gives a man pain without danger.

2. The Gout is no constant companion, but allows his patients lucid joyous intervals.

3. The Gout presents you with a perpetual almanac.

4. Gouty persons are most free from the head-ache.

5. The Gout preserves its patients from the great danger of fevers.

6. To crown the honor of the Gout, it is not to be cured! The Gout defies all your gross Galenical methods and all your exalted chemical preparations—for the conjunct causes thereof lies in parts so very remote, that the virtues

of medicine can never reach them : and Heaven be praised for it ! for why would you cure the Gout, which gives pain without danger, a better taste of health by an acquaintance with pain, a knowledge of future things, freedom from the head-ache and from fevers?—



INSTINCTIVE COURAGE IN THE BRITISH COCK.

A cock that had been purchased by the present Admiral Berkeley, when captain of the Marlborough, of 74 guns, for the purpose of being kept as his live stock, greatly distinguished the undaunted spirit attached to the English breed. During the time the above ship was engaged in close action with the French fleet, on the glorious 1st of June, by being ordered on the boldest service against the enemy, she became totally dismasted, and was reduced to a mere wreck. At the time her main mast went, the cock alluded to flew upon the stump, which projected about twelve feet from the deck, and began to flutter his wings and to crow with exulting boldness. So singular a circumstance attracted the attention of the brave tars, who became re-animated by the example, and fought with additional bravery, until victory crowned them with her laurel. This undaunted cock was preserved until the ship reached Plymouth ; when, in remembrance of his valour, and the glorious occasion, he was given to Lord Lenox, who placed him in a

walk, where he to this day struts with a silver collar round his neck, descriptive of his worth, proudly supporting his honor and the gallant behaviour of the British fleet.



ST. PETER'S AND ST. PAUL'S.

THE first stone of St. Paul's was laid on June 21, 1675, by Sir Christopher Wren, and the building was completed by him in 1710; but all the decorations were not finished till 1723. It was a most singular circumstance, that notwithstanding it was 35 years in building, it was begun and finished by one architect, and under one prelate, Henry Compton, Bishop of London.—The church of St. Peter's, at Rome, was 135 years in building, in the reign of 19 popes, and went through the hands of 12 architects. It is not, as often mistaken, built after the model of that famous temple. It is the entire conception of our countryman; and has been preferred, in some respects, by a judicious writer, to even the Roman Basilico. The height of St. Peter's to the top of the cross is 457 feet $\frac{1}{2}$; and that of St. Paul's, 340 feet; so that, from its situation, it is lofty enough to be seen from the sea. The length of the first is 759 feet; of the latter, 500. Breadth of St. Peter's is 364 feet; St. Paul's, 180.—This cathedral has of late been shut up, for the purpose of undergoing some repairs, but is now open for divine service, &c.



ANECDOTE RELATIVE TO TOM JONES.

WHEN Fielding had finished his novel, being much distressed, he sold it to an obscure bookseller for 25l. on condition of being paid on a certain given day. In the mean time, he shewed the manuscript to Thomson, the poet, who was immediately struck with its great merit, and advised Fielding by all means to get free from the bargain, which he did without much difficulty, as the bookseller was not capable of estimating the value of his purchase.---Thompson recommended the work to Andrew Miller, and the parties met at a tavern over a beef-steak and a bottle. Miller began with saying, "Mr. Fielding, I always determine on affairs of this sort at once, and never change my offer. I will not give one farthing more than two hundred pounds." "Two hundred pounds!" cries Fielding. "Yes," says the other, "and not one farthing more." Fielding, whose surprise arose from joy, and not disappointment, shook him by the hand, sealed the bargain, and ordered in two bottles of wine. Miller got a very large sum by the sale of the book. He at different times during his life assisted Fielding with 2,500l. which debt he cancelled in his will.



 VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

ACCORDING to annual custom, a new pantomime was provided at each winter theatre for the Christmas visitors: that at Drury-lane was called *Love and Magic, or Harlequin's Holiday*, in which the composer (Mr. Shaw), the machinist, the painter, and the performers displayed their respective abilities. The overture does considerable credit to Mr. Shaw, and the rest of the music was chiefly but judiciously selected from Kelly's pieces. The chief performers in it were Mr. Byrne (*Harlequin*), Master Byrne, Messrs. Grimaldi, Collins, Sedgewick; Miss B. Menage (*Columbine*), Mrs. Bland, and Miss Tyrer. One of the scenes displayed Kelly's musical saloon in Pall Mall, which concluded with the cries of London.

The pantomime at Covent-garden, entitled *Harlequin's Habeas, or the Hall of Spectres*, was invented by Mr. T. Dibdin—the scenery by Messrs. Richards, Phillips, and Whitmore, which evinced considerable taste. The music, by Messrs. Reeve, Moorehead, and Davy, consisted of judicious selections. The chief performers, viz. the Bolognas, Master Menage, Dubois, and Mrs. Wybrow, displayed their respective talents with considerable success.

Both these pantomimes have been continued every night since, and also continue to be well attended. The performance at Covent-garden has been for a long time in preparation, while that of Drury-lane, which was invented and prepared in about *three weeks*, has given equal if not more satisfaction.

The only novelty since, has consisted in *appearances*, of which we had several, particularly a lady (Miss Woodfall) who attempted the character of *Adelaide*, in the tragedy of the *Count of Narbonne*, and was well received. On the 22d, there were rival candidates at both houses—a new *King Richard* at Drury-lane, and a new *Othello* at Covent-garden; the former character was attempted by a Captain Fearon, who went through the part with a success equal to the most sanguine expectations of his friends: his walk was firm, his action spirited or easy, as the occasion required, and his voice capable of giving force to the most trying passages or the most distressing passions.—The gentleman who represented *Othello*, at Covent-garden, was a Mr. Carles, of very respectable connections

in the county of Stafford. His performance was equally promising, and his reception equally favorable.

FRENCH THEATRES.

SEVENTEEN theatres open their doors every evening for the entertainment of Paris, where the population does not exceed 628,000 souls. It may be calculated that the spectacles of this city occupy, on an average, the leisure of 20,000 individuals, or nearly one thirtieth part of the whole. The following is a list of the theatres:

1. The Opera, or the Theatre de la Republique et des Arts, situate in la rue de la Loi, formerly la rue Richlieu.

2. Le Theatre Francois de la Republique, rue de la Loi, at the corner of rue St. Honore. This was formerly the Theatre Francois du Faubourg St. Germain.

3. L'Opera Comique, rue Feydeau, the entrance in rue de la Loi. This was formerly the Italian Theatre of la rue Manconsell.

4. The Italian Opera Buffa, rue Favars, the entrance in rue de la Loi.

5. Le Theatre Louvois, rue de Louvois, the entrance in rue de la Loi, opposite the Opera. This theatre is under the management of Picard, a dramatist of some repute.

6. The theatre called Montansier, formerly the Theatre Beaujolois, in the buildings of the Palais Royal, behind rue de la Loie.

7. Le Theatre de Vaudeville, in the square of the Palais Royal, almost facing la rue de la Loi.

8. Le Theatre de la Cite, opposite the Palace de Justice.

9. Le Theatre de la Porte St. Martin, formerly the Opera House, built to supply the place of that which was burnt at the Palais Royal.

10. Les Varietes Nationales Etrangeres, formerly the Theatre Moliere, built in la rue St. Martin, at an early period of the revolution, by an actor named Bourfaut, who was afterwards a member of the convention, a drinker of blood, and a worthy colleague of his brother actor legislators, Collot d'Herbois and Favre d'Eglantine.

11. Le Theatre des Etrangeres, formerly du Marais, established after the commencement of the revolution by Caron de Beaumarchais, at one of the extremities of Paris, exclusively for the representation of his own pieces. This theatre was much frequented in 1792, when the great attractions were two new pieces—*Robert, Chef de Brigands*, a farce, and the drama of *La Mere Coupable*.

12. La Theatre du Boulevard.

13. L'Ambigu Comique, formerly Audinot's.

14. Le Theatre de la Caire, formerly Nicolet's.

15. Le Theatre des jeunes Artists, formerly des Eleves de l'Opera.

16. Les Theatre sans Pretension.

17. Le Theatre Pittoresque et Mecanique.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR JANUARY, 1803.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR,
1803.

1.

THOUGH the tempestuous winds no more
The main with angry pinions sweep,
Though raging 'gainst the sounding shore.
No longer howl the impetuous seas ;
But soothed to rest, the billows sleep,
Save where soft zephyr's tepid breeze
Fans with its silken wing the rippling deep ;
Yet still with unremitting eye
The pilot marks the uncertain sky,
The seaman watches still the gale,
Prompt or to spread or furl the sail,
Mindful of many a danger past,
Tost by the turbid wave, check'd by the adverse
blast.

2.

Not keen suspicion's jealous glance,
Not fierce contention's feverish rage,
Shall bid Britannia point the lance,
New realms to grasp, new wars to wage.
In conscious rectitude elate,
While she beholds the dangerous tide
Of battle's crimson wave subside,

Though firm she stands in act to dare
 The storms of renovated war,
 Her ready sword, her lifted shield,
 Provoke not the ensanguin'd field,
 More than the wary pilot's cautions urge
 The wind's tempestuous strife, or swell the foaming
 surge.

3.

O from our shores be exiled far
 Ambition's wild and restless crew,
 Who through the bleeding paths of war
 False glory's dæmon form pursue,
 Whose burning thirst, still unsubdued
 By deluges of guiltless blood,
 Glares on the regions round with fiend-like eyes,
 While scarce a vanquish'd world its wish sup-
 plies ;
 Yet ne'er may sloth's inglorious charm
 Unnerve the manly Briton's arm,
 Nor sophistry's insidious art
 E'er lull the manly Briton's heart.
 May peace, with plenty by her side,
 Long, long o'er Albion's fields preside ;
 Long may her breath, with placid gale,
 Of commerce swell the happy sail ;
 But round in justice' sacred cause,
 Insulted rights or violated laws,
 Still may her sons with fierce delight
 Flame in the gleamy van of fight,
 Spread o'er the tented plain, or brave
 With warlike prow the hostile wave ;
 And on each firm ingenuous breast
 Be this eternal truth impress'd,
 Peace only sheds permanent joys on those
 Who guard with dauntless arm the blessings peace
 bestows.

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

SCENE—SUSSEX.

FAR from the city's hot and humid air
I wander ardent, to inhale the breeze,
The healthful sea-breeze on my native shore !
High on the lofty downs I love to stray,
Pure source of health, whilst fragrance breathes
around,

And ev'ry view sublime enchant the soul.
Raptur'd I behold the undulating sea,
Its waves, white-foaming, dashing 'gainst the cliffs
With roar tremendous, whilst the west wind blows ;
Eternal novelty—wave succeeding wave,
Striving with angry mood impetuous
Which first should reach the shore and first recede.
The winds subside, and ocean's dreadful roar
In murmurs not unpleasing die away
The bark now fearless ploughs the placid deep,
And animates the scene ; the radiant sun
In dazzling splendor shines, and ocean's breast
Innum'rous gems, like brilliant stars, adorn !

Low in the cheerful vale the village spire
Is seen, with aged elms inclos'd around ;
The straw-roof'd shed and white-wash'd cottage
charm

The sight, and to the heart impart more joy
Than yon gay mansion, grandeur's proud abode.
Confus'dly scatter'd in the church-yard drear
Are seen the head-stones, rear'd by weeping friends
For those belov'd—in verse uncouth, the muse,
Rustic and wild, commemorate their fame.
For those more lowly, mounds of earth are rais'd,
On which luxuriantly the green sward grows,
And many a meadow-flower blooms and dies,

But their pure virtues are engraved deep
 On mem'ry's tablet. Oft the silent tear
 Steals down the furrow'd cheek of weeping age,
 For duteous son, whose vig'rous arm sustain'd
 In ease and comfort life's fast ebbing tide !
 And such are worth regret. Not so the great,
 Pale dissipation's issue weak, they waste
 In idle games their wealth ; to pen'ry's cries
 As deaf as rocks that frown upon the main ;
 Ambition fires their minds, and baneful pride ;
 On their fell altars virtue's sacrific'd.
 They pillar not the state by noble deeds.
 Their splendid triumphs give no solid joy—
 For what is vict'ry but the direful news
 Of blood and slaughter, God's fair creatures slain ?
 And what th' accession of fine fertile realms
 But proof, of conquest, man enslav'd, oppress'd ?
 The parent state receives advantage small
 From hostile deeds—imposts, pen'ry, and woe,
 Fell frightful demons, haunt the war-curs'd land !

The sound of labour's hush'd—'tis Sabbath-day,
 And mirthful lays the well-taught swain restrains :
 The lark unconscious pours her lively song.
 And hark ! I hear the grateful anthem swell—
 How soft and awful are the strains ! In sweet
 Accord, with tones divine, the human choir
 Hymn the glad song of gratitude and praise ;
 Whilst winged gales, the messengers of Heav'n,
 Convey thro' ærial realms magnificent
 Strains energetic to the throne of God !

On yonder down high stands the village mill ;
 Far as the eye can reach beyond are seen
 Delightful landscapes, various and fair :
 There shines the meadow smooth, and hedge-row
 green ;
 The yellow harvest waving with the gale,

The fallow brown, or freshly-harrow'd field :
There graze the placid kine—sweet lows the steer,
In yon luxuriant field there bounds the steed,
Vig'rous and active, neighing with delight,
From painful shackles freed. Not distant far,
On the steep side of yonder hill, the flock
Of neighb'ring peasant browze—how rich their
fare!

On fragrant wild-thyme and on marjoram sweet
Voluptuously they feed from morn till eve,
And not less sweet their bed, when pen'd up safe,
On velvet couch they lie, and "bleat their joy."

The breeze is fresh, and rapid move the clouds,
And on the down's steep sides their shadows glide
As swift as coursers panting for the goal.
Beneath the river winds and glitters fair,
And there the barge, by team slow moving draws,
Conveys to towns inland art's fine productions,
And ever-bounteous nature's stores immense!

From cultivated scenes again I turn,
To view the wildly-sloping hills that round
Me rise irregular and bold—like dome
Magnificent, smooth and verdant some appear
Aspiring to the skies; others abrupt
Affright the traveller, on whose verge he treads,
Viewing the awful depth below of vale
Well-cultur'd—for there the oxen team,
To labour bred, drag o'er the ground the plough,
Guided by swain acute, and furrows make,
Regular and straight as mathematic lines.

Was nature sportive when these hills were made?
Did she the earth in wild confusion toss,
Like ocean's billows when rude Boreas blows?
Or form'd were they for barriers to repel
Th' incroaching sea that ruin oft portends?

These queries let philosophers resolve,
I feel their charms, and undeck'd forms admire !

Perhaps I tread the green-sward, where, like
deer,
Rov'd my progenitors intrepid, free ;
No plough, as legends say, has yet upturn
The beauteous verdure of the springy downs :
Green furze, luxuriant native of the soil,
Some parts o'erspread—but this the prudent hind,
For fuel serves, when winter cheerless reigns.
And here the timid hare, from huntsmen keen,
Her seat selects, and oft the fugitive
Partridge takes refuge here from dogs staunch bred
And from murd'rous man. Ah ! to me how
strange,
That men of intellectual pow'rs find delight
In these poor puerile sports ; and yet more strange
To hazard life, the precious gift of Heav'n :
On the fleet hunter, fearless down the hill
Abrupt they ride, to see in agonies
A creature, blameless as the lamb, expire.
To untaught swains these sports sweet pleasure
yield :
But men by reason taught and learning grac'd,
Should shun the sport, to others yielding pain.

The day is nearly spent, and steamy mists arise,
And half the hills surround with shadowy vest ;
Beneath the western wave has sunk the sun,
And streaks vermilion decorate the skies !
High in the azure clouds the broad moon rides,
The starry floor of Heav'n with radiant lustre
shine ;
All, all is hush'd, save sounds monotonous
From the wattled sheep, and the faint murmurs
Of the distant waves : these sounds melodious
Ensooth the soul and sublimate the mind.

With eyes fix'd upward, CONTEMPLATION sits,
 And views with rapture the stupendous work
 Of nature's GOD, great Architect divine!
 Love, admiration, gratitude, and praise
 Inspire his soul, and low before the throne
 He prostrate falls, and hails the LORD OF ALL!

*Fort-street,
 Jan. 1803.*

J. S.

THE MOURNER.

BY MRS. OPIE

HENCE, cruel life! nor more persist
 To warm this sad, this broken heart;
 When Henry's clay-cold lips I kiss'd,
 How welcome, death, had been thy dart!

Speechless, they say, benumb'd I seem'd,
 While his last precious breath I caught;
 No tears to sooth my sorrow stream'd,
 And agony suspended thought.

They tell me thunders rent the air,
 That vivid lightnings flash'd around;
 But I beheld no lightnings glare,
 Nor heard the pealing thunders sound.

They tell me, on the unconscious corse,
 At length bereft of sense, I fell;
 Ah! blessed state! of balm the source—
 It clos'd my ears to Henry's knell.

But happy state resembling death,
 Why is your balmy stupor flown?
 Ah! why restore a wretch's breath?
 For I can only live to moan!

E'en reason says I justly weep,
And, ah ! she says, I weep in vain !
My midnight couch with tears I steep,
Then rise at morn—to weep again !

When to my heart my child I fold,
She only deepens ev'ry sigh ;
I think, while I her charms behold.
How she had pleased her father's eye.

And while I from her lisping tongue,
Soft childhood's artless accents hear,
I think, with sad remembrance wrung,
How she'd have charm'd her father's eye.

I think—but O forbear fond heart !
From vain regrets to duties turn ;—
Yes, I will act a parent's part—
I'll tear myself from Henry's urn.

In life I still one charm can see,
One flower adorns that dreary wild ;
That flower for care depends on me—
O precious charge—'tis Henry's Child !

LINES ON WINTER.

HOW swift the months retreat,
And nature's blossoms fade away !
Lo ! winter comes, with footsteps fleet,
And once again exerts his sway :
No more the birds, in concert sweet,
Enchant the ear from ev'ry spray ;
The echoing groves no more repeat
Each amorous songster's charming lay ;
The redbreast scarce finds food to eat,
The martin quits his house of clay.

The fleecy flocks no longer greet
The mild and placid hours of May,
When cheet'd by Sol's enliv'ning heat,
They spent the hours in sportive play,
But all in sad disorder bleat,
And o'er the frozen pasture stray.
Now winter's numerous horrors meet,
All nature's works his power obey :
Keen stormy winds, with hail and sleet,
And louring clouds, obscure the day.
See on the ice, in ev'ry street,
The truant boys delight to stray,
In sliding strive the hours to cheat ;
While others, more expert than they,
In skating tempt the fair deceit,
Heedless how oft their sports betray.
Oft the deep snow's extended sheet,
Reflecting back the moon's pale ray,
Delude's the passing traveller's feet,
And swallows up its hapless prey !
The fields, once ripe with waving wheat,
The meadows strew'd with new-mown hay,
(Where rises many a cottage neat)
Are now, alas! no longer gay.
Yet soon each heart with joy shall beat,
Each eye these scenes again survey ;
Spring, nature's smiling paraclete,
Shall bid stern winter's power decay,
And with unnumber'd joys replete,
Again her welcome visit pay.

Islington.

JAQUES.

Jan. 17, 1803.

Literary Review.

Female Biography, or Memoirs of illustrious and celebrated Women, of all ages and countries, alphabetically arranged. By Mary Hays. In six volumes.

WHATEVER relates to the fair sex will always be read with interest by the more intelligent part of mankind. Accordingly, publications of this cast are received with avidity—and this is a reason why we are the more ready to ascertain whether they are written in a manner worthy of the subject. No apology therefore can be necessary for an examination.

The work before us, from the extent of it, must contain a vast variety of illustrious and celebrated women. The particulars of their lives are detailed with perspicuity—and the remarks in general, rise naturally from the subject. Every former publication of the kind, seems to have been consulted—and no means left unemployed in order to obtain the necessary information. But though we willingly bear this testimony to the pleasing nature and general correctness of the work, yet there are a few things which call for animadversion. It was surely injudicious to spin out the life of the late *Empress of Russia*, throughout a whole

volume, though an apology is offered for it in the preface. It is true, she was a woman of abilities—but the step taken by her to ascend the throne, ought to consign her memory to the execration of posterity. And we are sorry to perceive the author, fascinated by the splendour of her talents, is so disposed to extenuate her crimes, which cannot fail to excite our detestation! On the same principle, Catherine de Medicis, the instigator of the Bartholomew massacre at Paris, is not sufficiently reprobated. Nor can we avoid expressing our disappointment at not finding the lives of Mrs. Godwin and Mrs. Robinson. Should it be said, they came too near our own times, this is no good reason—for we have an interesting biography of Madame Roland, who died only two or three years before the two ladies just mentioned. Examples occurring in their own age and nation, always operate the more powerfully on mankind.

*An Elegy on the late Rev. Henry Hunter, D. D.
Minister of the Scotch Church, London-wall.
By Thomas Beck.*

WE are glad to peruse the muse of Mr. B. taking up the merits of Dr. Henry Hunter, and proclaiming them to the world. He certainly was a man of exquisite talents—and possessed a benevolence which will endear his memory to all his connections. In easy flowing verse his eulogy is here expressed, to

his numerous friends the poem cannot fail of adminitsering a gratification,

The New Annual Register, or general repository of History, Politics and Literature. for the year 1800. To which is prefixed the History, of Learning and Taste in Great Britain, during the reign of Charles the 2nd. Part 4th.

OF the usefulness of annual compilations we have often spoken, and we still think them an excellent mode of diffusing knowledge throughout the community. The present performance is well known and of established reputation. The historical part is well drawn up, and the selections are made with judgment and industry. The summary review of books at the conclusion conveys amusement and instruction. The quickness, indeed, with which the writer passes from one publication to another, reminds us of the figures gliding through a magic-lanthorn with an interesting rapidity.

A popular view of the structure and economy of the Human Body, interspersed with reflections Moral, Practical and Miscellaneous, including Modern Discoveries, and designed for general information and improvement; to which is annexed an Explanation of the difficult term. By John Feltham. With an elegant Frontispiece.

THAT a work of this kind was wanted, cannot be denied—and we congratulate the pub-

lic that such a plan has been taken up and lately executed. The several parts of the human body are extremely curious—and it is proper that we should become acquainted with them. Here then the constituent portions of a mortal fabric are explained with brevity—and those reflections made which the subject suggests to our minds. We have read the work with pleasure, and from the great utility of its contents we cannot help wishing that it may obtain an extensive circulation.

A Familiar Address to Young Persons on the Truth and Importance of Christianity. By Richard Allchin, Master of the Dissenting Charity-school, Maidstone.

IN this *Age of Infidelity* much has been written, and well written in behalf of our holy religion. Both churchmen and dissenters have come forward with alacrity to the task of repelling the common enemy, who aimed a deadly blow at our best hopes and noblest expectations. Mr. Allchin therefore apprised that the subject has been amply discussed—modestly remarks that “ he does not pretend to advance any thing new, but hopes that by an attentive perusal of what he has written, young persons, or even those who are more advanced in years, but who have not leisure to study elaborate performances—may be confirmed in the *belief* and *practice* of CHRISTIANITY!” We are happy in saying that this *EPITOME of the Evidences of the Christian religion* is drawn up

with neatness and simplicity. The substance of many a ponderous volume is here brought into a small compass. Indeed when we consider the excellence of its matter—the perspicuity of its language, and the serious spirit by which it is animated, we must pronounce it a most acceptable present to the rising generation.

An Humble Attempt to promote Union and Peace among Christians, by inculcating the principles of Christian Liberty; to which is added an Appendix, concerning the Jews and Deists. By R. Wright.

UNION and Peace are words which convey to the ear of the christian the most substantial and delightful blessings. A friend to the religion of Jesus must deplore the divisions and subdivisions into which the christian world is broken. It may be said to resemble a conquered country, portioned out into innumerable districts—and every little victor triumphing in the portion which his violence has obtained! On the other hand, it is to be wished that in these times of Unbelief, there were less of that unsociable spirit—and that *all* the professors of religion were heartily and permanently united in the bonds of love and charity.

To obtain this desirable end, is the purport of this small volume. and we have seldom read a performance which is better calculated to accomplish it. The rights of conscience are stated with clearness and ability. The

evils flowing from intolerance are depicted with fidelity. The happy effects resulting from the prevalence of union and peace are pourtrayed in the true spirit of christianity. We may be permitted to speak thus warmly in favour of a work, which has for its object the promotion of virtue and piety. The hand that wrote these pages must have had the HEART attuned to the exercise of that charity which is here so happily and powerfully inculcated.

Mooriana or Selections from the Moral, Philosophical and Miscellaneous Works of the late Dr. John Moore.—Illustrated by a new Biographical and Critical Account of the Doctor and his writings, and Notes Historical, Classical and Explanatory. By the Rev. F. Prevost, and F. Blagdon, Esq. In two volumes.

THE high reputation in which Dr. Moore's writings are held both at home and abroad, justifies a selection of striking passages with which the reader will be gratified. This author had seen much of the world—and was particularly acquainted with France, both before and since the revolution. Hence it is impossible to read what such a man has written, without feeling the mind enlarged, and edified. The extracts are well chosen—and the memoirs prefixed, impart a just idea of the author to whose labours the public are indebted for so much amusement and instruction.

A Companion to the Almanack, containing an Explanation of the Saint's Days and Holidays; with Biographical Sketches of the Persons and Historical accounts of the Events on which the Festivals are founded—to which are prefixed an Introduction explaining the Chronological and Astronomical Terms, and the General Contents of an Almanack, with a line of Enquiry into their Origin. By John Audley.

It is worthy of remark that the two most learned and useful books in our language, the *bible* and the *almanack* are in general circulation. Hence the necessity of those explanatory treatises with which divines are in the habit of furnishing mankind. And a similar necessity existed for an elucidation of the *almanack*, which is here successfully attempted. It is, indeed, a very amusing and instructive performance. The information brought together, must have been collected from a variety of quarters, and not the work of one day. Embracing such an extent of materials, we cannot fix on any one part for transcription—but the reader will from the perusal of the *whole* feel much satisfaction.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR JANUARY, 1803.

FROM FRANCE nothing of importance has reached us within the course of the last month. The visitors at Paris continue to be numerous ; the most distinguished are introduced to the First Consul, and most politely received. That Bonaparte is about to be made *Emperor of the Gauls* has been rumoured for some time, and may soon be realised. Ambition, like many other passions of our nature, grow stronger by gratification. This seems to be the present case ; nor can any bounds be assigned to men who are intent on their own aggrandisement. No individual indeed has enjoyed the smiles of fortune more than Bonaparte ; he has all along from the commencement of his career shared an unexampled degree of prosperity.

St. Domingo is far from being reduced to a state of tranquillity. And in other islands of the *West-Indies* symptoms of insurrection have appeared. At *Guadaloupe* in particular, disturbances have arisen to an alarming height ; but several of the principal insurgents have been arrested and executed. Had the abolition of the slave trade taken place years ago, when the public had reason to expect it, this bloodshed and slaughter would have been prevented.

Owing to the *recess*, Parliament offers nothing deserving of our attention. When they again proceed to business, a vast variety of

matter will call for their consideration. May real wisdom and true policy regulate all their transactions.

Preparations are making for the trial of Colonel *Despard* and his associates at the Sessions House, Southwark. Their guilt must be ascertained by the measure of evidence adduced. Should they be convicted of the crime with which they stand charged, no doubt can be entertained of their meeting with the deserved punishment.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR JANUARY, 1803.

1. AN inquisition held at Dulwich on the body of Samuel Matthews, found dead in his cave near Sydenham. He used for years past to go by the name of the *hermit*, and from the smallness of his hut, was obliged to crawl in head foremost. He had been drawn out by a hook, which catching hold of his jaw, occasioned his death. The verdict was *wilful murder*; but the perpetrators of this cruel deed are not yet secured.

3. Advices received from America, that the *Society of the Cincinnati* there have resolved to erect some lasting memorial of the public veneration for the character and services of the late general Washington. It is supposed, therefore, that they will erect a statue to his memory.

5. His Majesty was delayed upon his return to Windsor by the pole of his carriage breaking

just before he changed horses, through the kicking of the riding wheel horse, which threw and hurt his rider. However, the king was not hurt, nor did he seem alarmed on the occasion. He soon went on with other horses, and reached Windsor in safety.

6. Being *Twelfth Day*, the Lord Mayor entertained above 200 principal citizens at the mansion-house. The ball commenced about ten o'clock in the Egyptian Hall, which was elegantly decorated. It was altogether a superb display of civic hospitality.

9. St. Paul's Cathedral, after having been shut up for some months, on account of necessary repairs, was opened for divine service. The church was very crowded, in order to see the monument just erected to the memory of captain Burgess, who lost his life off Camperdown, commanding the *Ardent*, in a desperate attempt to break the enemy's line. The statue of the captain is represented at full length, with *Fame* presenting him the *sword of victory*.

10. The *Active* of Greenock, a fine West-India ship, homeward bound, is wrecked near Margate: of nineteen persons who lashed themselves in the shrouds, ten only were saved.

13. Accounts received in town of the acquittal of the officers tried in Edinburgh before the Court of Sessions, for firing upon the mob at Aberdeen the 4th of June last, whereby some persons were killed. This unhappy affair has of late greatly engaged the attention of the inhabitants of North Britain.

17. George Foster executed at the Old Bailey for the murder of his wife and child, an infant in arms, by pushing them into the canal at Paddington. The evidence on the trial was nothing more than strongly presumptive, and therefore the Jury, in bringing him in guilty, seem scarcely to be justified. But the equity of the verdict has been confirmed by his confession of the crime previous to execution.

10. Her Majesty's birth-day is kept with splendour and festivity. She completed her 56th year the 19th of May last. The ringing of bells and the display of flags took place, being the usual tokens of loyalty and attachment. The court was extremely crowded, and her Majesty appeared in good health, receiving her numerous visitors with her accustomed good spirits and affability. Carriages and dresses were sported with profusion. The company is said to have shewn an uncommon and charming display of youth and beauty.

19. In consequence of previous advertisement, a very large and highly respectable meeting took place at the London Tavern, for the extermination of the small-pox by the discovery of Dr. JENNER—the *Vaccine Inoculation*. The Lord Mayor was in the chair, most of the medical Gentlemen in the metropolis attended, and also other persons of distinction. After speeches were delivered by Dr. Lett-
some, Dr. Bradley, Mr. Benjamin Travers, Mr. Wilberforce, &c. a subscription was en-

tered into to carry their benevolent purposes into execution. Upwards of 500 pounds were subscribed, which does great honor to their liberality.

20. Edward Marcus Despard, Wm. Lander, Arthur Graham, Thomas Broughton, Thomas Phillips, Daniel Tindall, John Doyle, George Sedgwick Wrattton, John Wood, John Francis, Thomas Newman, Samuel Smith, and John Macnamara, charged with high treason, in seducing soldiers from their allegiance to the crown, are removed from Newgate by habeas corpus to the new goal, Surrey. Their case, or rather their trial, will interest a large portion of the public curiosity.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

JAMES ADAMSON, Manchester, merchant, C. Banks, York, bookseller. J. Brooks, Liverpool, brewer. R. Castley, Doncaster, horse dealer. J. Chapman, Liverpool, merchant. Tho. Cripwell, Ruddington, Nottingham, hosier. Tho. Danks, Oldbury, Salop, innholder. Davies, Lamb street, Spitalfields, cheese monger. J. Delvalle, Savage gardens, tobacco broker. W. Epps and J. Epps, Epsom, innkeepers. T. Fawcett, late of the Old Change, merchant. E. Fellows, Camberwell, haberdasher. N. Forth, Kirby, Moor-side, York, druggist. P. Haswell, Little Guilford street, carpenter. J Higgins and R. Higgins, Birmingham, platers. W. Hindley, East Retford, Notts, mercer. T. Hodges, Warehorn, Kent,

dealer. Robert Hughes, Noble street, warehouseman. H. and M. Hughes, Moorehouse, Manchester, dealers. T. Johnson, late of Newcastle-on-Tyne, hardware man. H. Jones, Cow lane, Snow hill, cheese monger. S. Irvine, Manchester, manufacturer. J. Kemp, Mark lane, wine merchant. Benj. Lane, Birchin lane, insurance broker. E. Leigh, Cheadle, Chester, calico printer. W. Lewis, Swansea, butcher. J. Lowe, late of Liverpool, tanner. J. Neale, Brick lane, Spitalfields, salesman. W. Parr, late of the island of Dominica, but now of the King's Bench prison, merchant. T. Peirson and W. Sammon, Russia row, Milk street, Irish factors. T. Perkins, Blue Anchor road, Bermondsey, tanner. T. Pickworth, Battersford, Leicester, butcher. Pilkington, W. Exeter, hop and seed merchant. H. Savage and J. Savage, near Blackfriars road, wholesale comb makers. J. Severy, Scarbro', vintner. J. Short, Alfred place, Southwark, cordwainer. J. Smalley, W. Ellison, and R. Walmesley, Blackburn, cotton manufacturers. J. Sturges, Northampton, dealer. E. Sutton, Liverpool, soap boiler. W. Trigg, Kingston, Surrey, corn dealer. Samuel Turner jun. Laytonstone, farmer. J. Watson, Lynn, druggist. S. Whitehouse, Tamworth, mercer. J. Winter, Combe St. Nicholas, Somerset, leather dresser. T. Wright, Horsley, Gloucester, clothier. R. Younghusband, formerly of Demerara, merchant.

REMARKABLE BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND
DEATHS IN JANUARY, 1803.

BIRTH.

THE wife of J. Woodward, labourer, of St. Helen's, Lancaster, of three girls, who, with the mother, are likely to do well. The mother is now in her 56th year, and the father upwards of 65.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Ponsonby to Lady F. Villiers.

At Edinburgh, the Rev. James Dymocke to Miss Helen Home, eldest daughter of the late Mr. G. Home, town-clerk of Leith.

J. Holmes Gibson, of Lombard-street, to Miss S. Holden, daughter of J. Holden, Esq. of the same place.

At Ottery St. Mary's Devonshire, William Bagwell, Esq. to the Hon. Miss Graves, eldest daughter of the late Admiral Lord Graves, and sister of the present lord.

DEATHS.

ALDERMAN CADELL.—[On account of the great pressure of matter in our last number, we were under the necessity of postponing the account of this worthy character till the present month; we shall now, however, lay it before our readers.] On Monday morning, Dec. 27, 1802, at his house in Bloomsbury-square, in

the 69th year of his age, Thomas Cadell, Esq^r, alderman of the ward of Walbrook ; a gentleman most truly endeared to a very extensive circle of friends, who will long and deeply feel his loss. He was apprenticed to the late Andrew Millar, one of the most eminent booksellers in this metropolis, and whom Johnson acknowledged to be the best Mæcenas of the age. In 1765, Mr. Cadell became the partner of Mr. Millar, which necessarily introduced him to the first literary characters of the time, among whom were Bishop Warburton, and the present Bishop Hurd, with the two distinguished historians, Hume and Robertson. In 1767, Mr. Cadell succeeded to the whole business. It is a proof the most incontestible that he followed the liberal example of his predecessor in his transactions with authors, and became the Mæcenas of the remaining part of the last century, by his connection with writers whose labours deserved splendid remuneration, and whose names will descend to posterity. Of these it will only be necessary to mention Judge Blackstone, whose Commentaries have not only facilitated the abstruse study of the law, but rendered it pleasant, not to say fashionable ; Blair, whose elegance of style has made divinity captivating ; Henry, whose researches have greatly tended to elucidate the English history, and Mr. Gibbon, whose " Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire " has given to his name the immortality of Rome itself. Of poets and moral writers, an innumerable host were introduced to the world by Mr. Cadell, and the

names of Burns, Hayley, Hannah More, Charlotte Smith, and others, are familiar with the public. To science he always gave the best encouragement, by the liberality with which he treated those who devoted themselves to it, and offered him their labours. His judgment was sound, and his engagements were fortunate : the first is evinced by his correspondence with Gibbon, published by Lord Sheffield ; and the last, the ample fortune which he accumulated. On the 30th of March, 1798, Mr. Cadell was elected alderman of Walbrook ward, on the death of Wm. Gill, Esq. At midsummer 1800, by a very honorable majority, on a poll, he was elected, with his worthy friend, Mr. Alderman Perring, to the shrievalty of London and Middlesex, an office in which he displayed a becoming splendor, and acquitted himself with great honor. To the duties of this important office he invariably and conscientiously attended : and to the faithful discharge of those duties is to be attributed the foundation of the asthmatic complaint which has now so fatally terminated, for he was never absent a single Sunday, during the shrievalty, from the chapel of one of the prisons.

At her house in Albemarle-street, at an advanced age, Mrs. Levy, a rich Jewess. This lady formerly gave fashionable parties, but within the last seven years she became a valetudinarian, and, during the latter part of her life, lived in such a recluse manner, that even her neighbours did not know her. Her retinue, however, was still retained, and the same equi-

page kept up as in her days of splendor. The carriage regularly appeared every morning at the door, though it was seldom used. The last time she appeared in public was at Bath, where her eccentric appearance and behaviour was the topic of conversation daily in the pump-room and other places. In exteriors she resembled Lady Mary D——, with the haughty demeanor of the Hon. Mrs. V——. Altho' she was usually in town during the fashionable season, no one was admitted to see her; and the summer was past at her villa at Richmond, in Surrey. Mrs. Levy died immensely rich—in her banker's hands property was vested to the amount of 125,000*l.* No will has yet been found, nor is it known whether she has any relations to inherit the property. The funeral obsequies were performed agreeable to the rites of the Hebrew church, in the church-yard of the synagogue. From 8 o'clock in the morning till the afternoon, Albemarle-street was crowded by all ranks of the sons and daughters of Levi, all anxious to learn how their kinswoman had disposed of her *monish*.

Mr. Canner, one of the city marshals. The cause to which his death was attributed, is somewhat remarkable. He had been to Queenbro', making enquiries relative to the parties accused of plundering a vessel wrecked on that coast, and had caught a cold. On his return to town, his duty engaged him in procuring passages for some paupers: among the indigent persons who applied, one of them was infected with so loathsome a complaint, that it was necessary to

put him out of the room in which the lord mayor sat. The city marshal incautiously remained near this man, and some little time afterwards remarked, that he could not "get the smell of him out of his nose." The infection had seized him, and in a very short period produced his death! He was a person of an excellent character, and had rendered material service in completing the present system of police in the metropolis.

To Correspondents.

WE are happy, at the commencement of a new volume, to be able to gratify our readers with some account of the late worthy character, Dr. Hunter; a faithful portrait of whom is also given, and which, we trust, will be generally approved of by our friends, particularly by those who were personally acquainted with him during his life time.

We have given insertion to the letter of Melancthon, because it breathes sentiments so congenial to our own. On the other hand, we think little of the charge alluded to, as its manifest object is only to bring into public notice a work that is *justly confined within a very narrow circulation*; we are the more confirmed in this opinion, when we contemplate the character of its *worthy publisher*.

Our correspondent, I. F. has our best thanks for his communications: we have given prompt insertion to them, as we consider them to possess considerable merit. We request such of our friends as may be in possession of letters of a similar nature, to favor us with them, for the purpose of insertion, as it may be the means of rescuing from oblivion many valuable articles.

Several other communications have been received, and shall be duly attended to.

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Mackenzie, Sc.

MRS ROBINSON.

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